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TWO SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A FAVOURITE.

REVELS are in all ages composed of the same materials ; fashion merely exercises a discretionary power as to the mode of combination. There is but a superficial difference between the Roman triumph, the chivalrous tourney, and the court drawing-room, or birthday *fête* ; the essential circumstances are alike in all :—noble guests, costly attire, sumptuous banquets and military pomp, mirth and music, the song and the dance. Nevertheless it is pleasant to turn over the ponderous and circumstantial narratives of forgotten pageants, and compare them with more modern festivities, were it only to admire man's ingenuity in diversifying his materials. Neither is it a labour without profit ; for the details of each "vain show" suggest more powerfully than any living monitor the insignificance and worthlessness of all grandeur which is merely connected with outward pomp. One of old, in the midst of a splendid triumph, inquired exultingly, "What is wanting here ?"—He was wisely answered, "CONTINUANCE ;" and that reply will avail to the end of the world. But reflections of this chastening nature were not likely to obtrude on the mind of a royal favourite on the morning of those nuptials which connected him with the throne.

The sagacious observer might indeed discern the quicksand on which the fortune of the Earl of Cornwall rested ; but to himself and to his in-

fatuated master, to the troops of liveried dependents and glittering sycophants which thronged around him, it seemed that he had attained a sure point of greatness—standing ground above the reach of his enemies. Besides, the Earl was not only a vain, but a foreign favourite ; gay as his gem-encircled cap, but light and unstable as the feather that depended from its folds. Merrily, therefore, proceeded the preparations for banquet and pageant in the palace of Westminster ; and thither, when the marriage service was concluded, proudly the procession took its way. Foremost rode the dazzling yet despised favourite ; beside him his illustrious bride, and the monarch, second of a noble name, but kingly in nothing save in stature and beauty of person. After them came a train of knights and nobles, no longer sheathed in mail, but clad like their coursers, in the glittering panoply of peace. Inclosed within their gallant ranks rode dame and demoiselle, scarfed and jewelled, sparkling and buoyant as the foam upon a summer sea, blending softness with splendour, romance with reality, and contrasting with fierce-looking men-at-arms and sober citizens, like the lovely sunlight surrounded by dark evening clouds. Many a barrel was broached and emptied as that procession passed from Saint Paul's to the palace of Westminster ; many a largess scattered and caught ; many a royal smile was bestowed on the thronging

spectators; many a gracious movement of head and hand vouchsafed by the favourite—yet unavailingly. 'I he spirit of honest hearty interest was that day wanting on the part of the people. They gazed with curiosity—for a pageant, whatever be its object, will always command spectators; and they partook eagerly of the pleasures provided for them, but they withheld every token of popular sympathy and regard. Could the weak king and his worthless minion have joined the various groups they passed, they would assuredly have heard many homely truths and cutting jests, from the substantial citizen in his sober brown doublet and hose to match, the portly dame in her party-coloured tunic, and the 'prentice-boy in his felt cap and leathern jacket.

"Nay, now, but I do call this a goodly sight, father: look at the lady Eleanor's head-tire, half as high as our oak-settle, with those gay silk streamers fastened to it, dancing in the air like so many wings."

"Wings!—indeed ye may say so, Cis, for the honour of her house is fast flying away.—*He* have a Plantagenet to wife!—Marry, I hope the broom will turn out a stinging nettle."

Nowise daunted, the first speaker resumed; for her father's genealogical allusion was lost upon her, and of his crustiness she was dutifully regardless.

"Save us! but the Earl *must* be a good man; see how he smiles on yonder gaping crew, that seem ready to pluck him off his horse. Ah! if wishing would get me such a hood, 'broided all over with silk and shining stones, or a girdle like the gold chains that fasten his boot-points to his knees! La, now! I never will abuse the Earl of Cornwall any more, bonny man!"

"Out upon you, hussy, for a disgrace to me and your country!" interrupted giddy Cicely's father: "call Piers Gaveston Earl again, and I'll lock ye up for a week."

"But the king's command, father——"

"Command me no command, daughter, but obey my bidding," was the instant reply, emphasised by no gentle movement of the elbow!

"There, look yonder at two Earls worth looking at—English Earls, with English names and English hearts; hating the king's favourite, and prospering the people. Ay, wench, little know ye of grandeur, that never saw meat served in the castles of Warwick and Pontefract. Pshaw! what are gold chains and a gaudy hood?—think of an ox a day, and a pipe of wine a week, naming nought else, for household consumption."

"Right, right, my old prince of the fleece and the comb!" put in a saucy young minstrel, who did not, by his guise, belong to the court; "and for the promise of a brown bowl and a toast, I'll volunteer ye a ballad made to suit English ears, though set to a Gascon tune—eh, master?"

A painted hood, witless;
Gay coat, graceless;
Maketh England thriftless."

But the patriotic wool-comber had no taste for a song that must be purchased, so he passed on with his daughter, heedless of the hungry rhymester; and other murmurers succeeded.

Here might be seen stalwart bowmen with folded arms and lowering brows, calling to mind the warlike glories of the past, and drawing contemptuous comparisons between the chivalrous spirit of the first Edward and the frivolous tastes of his son; which, in common with every other grievance, real or imagined, they did not scruple to attribute to his partiality for the hated Piers Gaveston.

Here, again, were monks and friars mourning over the king's decay of piety; manifested, in their eyes, by his honouring and enriching the favourite, instead of bestowing his treasures upon their respective saints

and shrines—in other words, upon themselves.

In addition to these, every booth, hostel, or other convenient resort for gossip, lying between St. Paul's and the palace, had its knot of grumblers—substantial traders, superior artisans, merchant-strangers, and money-lenders—who forgot for the moment their private grudges in mutual lamentations over the country's one grievance: albeit, had Piers Gaveston been England's guardian angel, the malecontents could not have partaken more willingly of the ale and muscadel provided at his expense. At length the cold looks of the superior spectators, and the sullen silence on the part of the populace, irritated the king, and it was with right good-will he halted at the palace-gate.

"Dumb knaves!" said he, kicking the stirrups from his feet with a pettish air; "why, I have heard them shake the Tower before now with their noisy breath."

"In the time of your noble father was not that, my liege?" said the Earl of Warwick, one of the discontented barons, in a quiet tone, fraught with meaning.

"Never heed a bark from the black dog of Ardene," whispered Gaveston, perceiving that the king felt the intended inference; "trust me for muzzling his mouth before long, and for opening those of your grace's loyal citizens and most worshipful rogues, on the spot.—Ho, there!" continued he, raising his voice; "gentlemen, followers, friends of the Earl of Cornwall! thus let us manifest honour to the king, homage to beauty, favour to the people!"

So saying, the graceful Gascon vaulted from his saddle, flung the bridle from his arm, and drove his gallant charger, adorned as it was with trappings of the costliest workmanship, among the wondering populace, calling out as he did so, "A prize for the winner!"

Those whom he had addressed followed his example; a hundred steeds were thus successively abandoned to the crowd, and a scene of

scrambling riot ensued, to the pleasure and emolument of such as gained possession and the increased discontent of those who tried without success. Amongst the former was the young minstrel already mentioned, who sprang like a frog into the saddle of the Earl's own steed; while our old friend, the woolstapler, was occupied in vain endeavours to introduce his foot into the stirrup.

Turning now from tumultuous streets, and the rude converse of the multitude, it is time to take a glimpse of the noble company assembled in the banqueting-hall of Westminster palace. But how shall the writer do justice to a court festival in the fourteenth century, when Matthew Paris, that prince of chroniclers, declares himself overpowered by a scene of similar grandeur; and confesses his inability to "display the numbers of noble and illustrious guests," (a "dear five hundred," or even five thousand "friends," was no unheard-of dinner-party in those days) "the richness and variety of the dresses, the sumptuousness of the banquet, and the multitudes of minstrels and mimics, whose business it was to amuse the company?" What would become of the writer amongst thirty thousand dishes—to say nothing of those dramas of the dinner-table, the costly complicated "intermeats," the self-moving ships, castles besieged and defended, and a world of similar devices, introduced between the courses? It is enough that, at the marriage in question, splendour and profusion and vanity did their utmost—and failed; failed with the nobility as they had failed with the common people, because he, for whom the board was heaped so gorgeously, for whom minstrels sang sweet flatteries, and sycophants raised the ready cheer, was hated and scorned, on different grounds, and in varying degrees, but hated and scorned by all. Master of England's sovereign, he was well nigh master of England itself: the treasury was his private purse; the state offices were all possessed by his creatures; and every

matter, whether of state policy or court favour, was subservient to his pleasure. Therefore, openly or in secret, all men had a quarrel against Piers Gaveston; and though the bidding of the sovereign could, on the present festive occasion, command the presence of his enemies, and purchase for him adulation and pageantry, it could effect no more. Long before the conclusion of the revels, Edward felt this. Yielding, dependent, and in heart a coward, he shrunk from much which his profligate and audacious favourite could lightly brave.

"Now gently, good Cornwall," said the monarch, perceiving at last that the daring demeanour and reckless sarcasms of the minion began to pass all bounds: "reserve these jests for my private hearing; remember, my cousin of Lancaster and the lord Warwick have the benefit of their friends' ears as well as of their own."

"Most true, my liege; and the question is, who among them has the longest?—What sayest thou, Motley? So, let us see how thy new trumpery fits."

"Troth, my lord," replied his jester, the sage person addressed, for his frivolous master seldom stirred without so apt an attendant—"troth, my lord, an' if I spoke my thoughts I might chance to lose my own ears, and my bonny new bells to boot."

With this the fool began to gingle the important badges of his office, and cutting sundry scaramouch capers, sang as he did so—

Send the king's golden crown
Begging round London town;
Then my lord of Cornwall's hood,
Wrought of silk and pearls good;
After them, my fool's cap,—
Mine would meet the best hap.
What care I where honour dwells?
Safety's with the silver bells.

The circle applauded the conceit. "Behold, fair lady," said Gaveston, turning to his bride, "the wondrous power of mirth and muscadell; they have turned a fool into a poet: I marvel what miracle solitude and starvation would effect."

"Perchance they might teach a king discretion, and an Earl humility," replied a strong stern voice; and the speaker passed to a distant part of the hall.

"Hah! have we monitors in our revels?" said the king proudly; and for a moment, as he folded his mantle round him and walked towards an inner room, he looked and moved the Plantagenet.

"Marry, now!" cried the favourite, laughing, "I'll warrant the Earl of Pembroke, otherwise Joseph the Jew, will make many a fellow to that last speech before he sleeps.—Pshaw!" added he, contemptuously, "his wrath foams like an ale-vat; and my lord stage-player (he pointed to the Earl of Lancaster) pacing it yonder beneath the minstrel gallery—would the beams were rotten!—rightly mated, sooth, with the Black Dog and the Jew! mated for mischief! but," added he, sinking his voice to a malicious mutter, "marked for downfall!"

The evening and the revel now drew towards a close. The minstrels united in a parting strain; flagons and bowls of the richly-spiced yprocrasse and pyment passed round; farewell pledges were drunk; courtly compliments exchanged; and banqueters, dancers, minstrels, and retainers, in turn departed. The many and massy lamps, which had emulated the glare of noon, went out, one by one; the late resounding hall ceased to echo a footstep or a voice; and soon all that softened its gloom, or broke upon its silence, was the moon-beam struggling through its painted oriel, and the distant hum of the receding revellers.

THE title of this little piece sufficiently explains its intention. Were it not uninteresting, it would be impertinent to enter into the historical details connected with the downfall of him whom we left in the possession of splendid but hollow greatness. The reader will have the goodness to suppose the lapse of many years; the occurrence of mutual aggractions;

the decline of royal, and the consequent predominance of baronial power; and, forgetting Westminster palace, with the proud revel narrated in the foregoing sketch, he will further suppose himself in Warwick Castle, where he will now find Gaveston a prisoner, in the power of its owner and of the Earl of Lancaster.

It was an evening of surpassing beauty, the last of the lovely month of June. It was one of those evenings that seem set apart to the full enjoyment of earth's sinless charms, to forgetfulness of sorrow, and to anticipation of that holy time when there shall be no more night, when man shall no longer need and no longer love the visible glories of his present heaven. The moon truly "walked in brightness;" and, beheld in the open country, away from the veiling shadows of forest and city streets, her full-orbed influence imparted to midnight the chaste glow of a softened noon. But Warwick Castle was not then, as now, a baronial residence where beauty tempers strength, and classic grace harmonizes with rude and historic grandeur. Its appearance at the period in question chiefly evinced the owner's desire to render it a place of defence; a warrior's home in warlike and unsettled times. Thus it was that, guarded by archway, portcullis, wall, and tower, on one side commanded by the castle itself, and matted from dungeon to battlement with clustering ivy, the court-yard was only partially irradiated by the moon-beams, and lay in "majestic gloom," while the scene beyond revelled in their lovely lustre. Such shade suited, however, with one of the characters who that night traversed its area; it suited with the subject in debate; with the cold and cruel deed meditated for the morrow.

"Talk no more of middle measures. I tell thee, Warwick, it shall be death—and death before thy castle clock chimes ten of the morn. Pretty management, forsooth, to trust another banishment, unless we

could insure shipwreck by the way; and pretty management to trust him again in Dedington Keep, with Pembroke ever on the wing to his sick countess at Banbury, and Edward beating up an army hard by! No, no, master Warwick! these dungeons of thine are safe cages enough; but, under favour, we will make sure of the bird in a shorter fashion."

"And then publish a justification," replied the more merciful or more wary party addressed.

"Yea, a justification as long as thy ancestor Guy's sword, an' it like ye. Look here, my lord of Warwick; I, Thomas of Lancaster, have endured wrong and slight at the hands of this catiff: the said Thomas of Lancaster has now power: what follows? Why, that even so soon and surely as this ivy-leaf, plucked from its stalk, falls to the ground, Thomas of Lancaster takes vengeance; and with better will, too, because in righting himself, and thee, and sundry other friends, he pleases a whole country, rectifies grievous abuses—"

"And transfers," interrupted lord Warwick, "goodly stores of gilt plate and jewels into the coffers of better men, eh? Marry, the minion's gauds in my keeping will load many a pair of broad shoulders."

"Well reminded!" replied his companion; "and as Piers Gaveston in his fortune flouted all about him, high and low, so shall he in his downfall taste of the same cheer. To-morrow morning shall he, with your leave, my lord, breakfast with us in the great hall, surrounded by his own bravery, as if he was still Earl of Cornwall, appointed a second time to carry the crown at a coronation. Then to horse for Blacklow!"

"Withal, let him be shrived as we pass the friar's cave in the cliff. His life is forfeit, but—"

"As ye like," interrupted the rough Lancaster, "or rather let the friar go with us, and do his office while the headsman prepares for his. But the night wears, my lord; let us to rest." So saying, the two Earls

turned into the castle, and then passed to their sleeping-rooms.

The following morn fulfilled the promise of the evening sunset and the midnight moon: fresh, splendid, calm, it was a morning to render life more precious, and death, to the unprepared at least, more dreadful. The prisoner, according to agreement, was led from his dungeon, and served, though in mockery, as in the days of his proudest prosperity. The board was heaped with the magnificent plate which his iniquitous wealth had enabled him to accumulate, and which now enriched his captors; his last meal was of royal dainties, and his farewell draught to life was poured into the goblet he had drained at many a joyous revel. He was constrained to array himself in a festive suit, his horse was caparisoned as for a pageant; and thus having stimulated the sense of life, they led him forth to a bloody death. The sunbeams glanced vividly from battle-axe and basnet, and the startled deer fled to their covert, as the armed band trampled heavily through the green domain which separated the castle from Blacklow Hill. Many a labourer, as he passed along, rested from his toil to gaze on the prisoner, known even to the peasantry by ill fame; the chance passenger checked his steed; the children threw down their gathered flowers; women shook their heads and sighed, but none did say "God bless him!"

"And is it so," ejaculated the prisoner, scarcely conscious of his own voice, "that all who sued to me, revelled with and flattered me, subsisted on my bounty, grew rich by my favour, are all, all faithless—not one true to a fallen master, not one!"

"That's the hap of most lords in trouble, master; and but for being your fool may be I should be away too. Ah Piers, Piers! said I not rightly:—Safety's with the silver bells?"

"Motley!" exclaimed the astonished Earl—"my poor faithful jester!"

"Nay, nay, man; ye need no jest-

er with Lancaster's Black Will at your side; an' if ye did, I'm past the trade: but I'll see the last of ye, Piers, just for the honour of my be's, and the sake of the merry days we'll never see again."

"How came this scarecrow hither, knaves?" inquired the Earl of Warwick angrily.

"An' please ye, my lord," replied one of his followers, "he tracked us from Dedington, and master Walter gave him the run of the guard-room; and so—"

"Enough," replied his lord; "let him have the liberty on. I wonder," said he, turning to the Earl of Lancaster, "whether any one of these varlets of ours would make a faithful fool."

"Heaven grant we may never need one!" replied the Earl, little dreaming that four short years would find him in the fallen condition of his prisoner—would find him conquered and degraded, brought forth to execution at the gate of his own castle!

The foregoing dialogue passed on the arrival of the party at the destined hill. It was there that Gaveston first discovered the presence of his jester, boasting no longer the gaudy insignia of his office, but lean, sick, and ragged. There, too, the meek friar, who had been drawn from his solitary seclusion, approached the prisoner—penitent he could not be termed, for he manifested no desire to listen to counsel that concerned another world. He stood with folded arms on the green and gentle eminence—it was not more—varied only by patches of wild flowers, underwood, and flaunting furze. Thence he beheld a rich and wide extent of pastoral country, intersected by the "soft-flowing Avon," and relieved from monotony by stately and off-recurring trees; while, towering above the wooded upland that on one side defined the horizon, rose the massy and majestic castle of lord Warwick.

"Father," said the wretched man, in reply to the importunities of the friar—"father, I cannot pray—I

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cannot, cannot die. I have lived for the pleasures of life, and what has death to offer *me*?—Heaven—mercy—pardon;—ay, I need them all; but life, life!—father, can I win *that* by prayer?—the transport of existence—of looking on sun and sky, and setting a free foot on the turf—of breathing thus the air of life?”—and he inhaled a long drawn breath with fearful earnestness.

“My son, my son!” said the friar with solemn tenderness, “dismiss, I pray thee, such vain and carnal fancies: what can they now avail?”

“Dotard!” exclaimed Gaveston, stamping passionately; “what knowest thou of life more than the reptile immured in a stone or a tree?”

“Father,” said the Earl of Lancaster, coming forward, “we wait no longer.”

The old man bowed his head mournfully, and tears fell fast upon his long grey beard. “Keep me not to look upon blood-shedding, my lord,” said he in a broken voice; “I am ignorant of courts and the ways of war, but I know that the soul of man is precious—Oh, do not hazard one lightly!”

“Place Father Herbert on horse-back again,” said the Earl, turning impatiently to one of his followers, “and carry him back to his bed; and ayes. Black Will, do thine office—smartly and well, knave;—a broken head or a half noble for thy morning’s work.”

What need to dwell longer on a scene which no consideration can render other than revolting? Enough that the tragedy was completed; that in a few minutes the spirit of the gay, the splendid, the profligate Piers Gaveston passed to its final audit “unanoited, unannealed;” while his body sunk on the green turf a blood-stained, mutilated corpse. The work of vengeance was effected, and, humanly speaking, that of expiation also. Five centuries have passed away, but the death of Piers Gaveston, unlike many events of a public nature, is still preserved in popular remembrance. On the scene of his execution (beside which these sketches have been penned) an obelisk has been erected; the name of the hill itself has undergone a change, and even among the peasantry it is invariably called GAVESTON’S.

EMILY, OR A WIFE'S AFFECTION.

THE sun was setting in a rich flood of crimson light, and tingeing all around with his departing glory, as Emily de Vere left the church-yard of D—, where she had been lingering in mournful sadness beside the grave of her father. The hallowed spot lay in a sweet and fertile valley; the hills by which it was nearly surrounded seeming to shut it out from the world, and from the strife of men; and thus marking it out as a fitting receptacle for those who had finished their earthly pilgrimage, and for whom life, with all its stirring scenes, had for ever passed away.

At the period when our little narrative commences, Emily de Vere was an orphan. Her father had

been dead about two months, after a lingering illness, during which he had experienced every consolation the unremitting and tender assiduities of his daughter could afford him. Mr. De Vere, in early life, was an eminent merchant; but great and unavoidable losses obliged him to relinquish the concern in which he was engaged, and, with the small residue of his fortune, to retire with his little daughter (Mrs. De Vere having died some months before) to the village of D—. Here it became his sole delight to watch over Emily, and to foster in her heart the seeds of religion and virtue.

As she advanced in years, Emily became all her fond and anxious parent could wish; and she possessed

a firmness of character and strength of mind far above her years. She loved her father with a most intense and grateful affection; and when he died, Emily deeply felt her own loneliness.

During his long residence in the village of D—, Mr. De Vere had formed an intimacy with the pastor of the parish; and at her father's death, that worthy friend kindly proposed that Emily should become an inmate of the Parsonage. He also undertook to arrange every thing respecting the little property which had devolved to her. Emily, who had no near relatives, felt grateful for Mr. Denby's offer, which she willingly accepted; and in his quiet yet cheerful home, aided by the attentions of his amiable wife, she in some measure recovered her spirits.

When Emily had been at the Parsonage about three months, she was pressingly invited, by a distant relation of her mother's, to spend a few weeks with her in London; and as Mr. Denby considered that change of scene would prevent her dwelling with such melancholy fondness on the memory of her lamented father, she was induced to yield a reluctant consent.

Emily had just entered her nineteenth year; and, though not regularly handsome, her countenance was intelligent and animated, and the smile of contentment which played round her beautiful mouth, rendered still more prepossessing by the brilliancy of fine blue eyes, beneath a white and nobly-formed forehead, excited more interest in the observer than a face in which the features are perfectly regular but destitute of expression. The sacred veil of modesty was spread over all Emily's attractions. Without that veil, beauty may charm, and wit delight, for a season; but the woman possessing it may rest assured of having her merit preferred and appreciated in the sober moments of reflection and retirement.

Emily had never been in London until now; and, though a passionate

lover of the country, she found much to admire in the metropolis. Soon, however, her heart longed for the green fields and peaceful scenes of her childhood; and she thought with pleasure of the time when she should return to Mr. Denby's.

Among the many visitors who frequented her relative's gay parties, was a gentleman of the name of Sidney Morton, who distinguished Emily by particular attention. He was possessed of an independent fortune, which he derived from his uncle, who had brought him up, and at his death left him the bulk of his property. His father, who had been a widower since the day of Sidney's birth, and his elder brother, were the principal partners in an extensive banking-house. Sidney had just attained his twenty-third year. He was handsome in person, and possessed of the most elegant manners; in his temper he was frank and generous, but passionate, and possessed of strong and almost uncontrollable feelings. Of religion, he had never given himself the trouble to think. However, he frequented church occasionally, was charitable, was neither a professed gamester, nor a dissolute man of the world. Greatly to be deplored was his loss of a pious and affectionate mother! How much of all that is good does a child learn from the lips of so kind a friend! She has his welfare at heart. She knows that much of his future conduct in life depends upon the precepts she now gives him, and that in after years, in the hour of temptation and danger, when she is slumbering in the dust, her warning voice may rise to his recollection, and deter him from sin, and its attendant misery.

Emily was particularly charmed with the conversation of Sidney, and the delicate attentions he paid her; especially as she knew him to be aware of the very small fortune she possessed. She surrendered herself to the delight she felt in his society, without pausing to reflect whether the qualities of his mind were pro-

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portioned to the charms of his person. She beheld him offer his bounty to the poor with a liberal hand; and if in their discourse they touched on religious topics, Sidney unhesitatingly assented to the opinions of Emily. Before she left town, Sidney succeeded in gaining her heart's best and warmest affections, and received a promise from the interesting girl that she would become his bride at the expiration of a few months. That time soon passed away, and they were united. Young, mutually attached, possessed of an ample competence, and full of bright hopes and happy feelings, life seemed to hold out to them an Elysian prospect. Alas! how short sighted is human judgment!

For some time Emily had scarcely a wish ungratified; though she could not conceal from herself that even thus early Sidney seemed to have a greater taste for diversions and company than she could have wished. Ere six months of their union had passed away, Emily saw with pain that Sidney ridiculed her strict observance of the Sabbath, and she generally walked to the house of God alone. Frustrated in all the efforts she made to win her beloved husband to the paths of peace, Emily did not forget to pray that he might eventually become an humble believer in that consoling faith which she herself professed.

Sidney had long been desirous of visiting Italy; and as Emily offered no objections to a plan with which she perceived he was so much delighted, arrangements were made for their immediate departure. They journeyed through most of the principal towns of the continent, and visited many of the chief monuments of art and relics of antiquity; and at length took up their abode for a few months in the city of Naples.

Here Sidney renewed his acquaintance with Charles Estcourt, a young man whom he had formerly known in London. He was possessed of lively and pleasant manners, but his habits were depraved and dissolute.

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All his efforts to win Emily's attention or propitiate her friendship failed; nor could she bring herself to treat him with more than the forms which common politeness required. —By Estcourt, Sidney was introduced to the Marchese Albertini, a fascinating Neapolitan widow, but of questionable character. Sidney, however, was quite charmed with her grace and vivacity, and became a frequent attendant at her brilliant parties. From this time Emily felt with bitterness that her wedded happiness was over. She exerted all the talents she was gifted with to detain Sidney at home, but her endeavors were unsuccessful. Gaming was extensively carried on at the Marchese's; and Sidney, who had been prevailed on to play, had lost a considerable sum; yet he could not resolve to break the fetters which bound him to the Marchese's enchanting society. Often would Emily think of her once happy home, and her beloved and indulgent father; and though her tears flowed to his memory, she rejoiced that he had not been spared to witness the distress and neglect to which she was now subjected. Yet her affection for Sidney never wavered. "Oh God of Mercy," she would exclaim, "restore him to the hope and belief of eternal happiness, and to me, though it be even in the hour of affliction or of death."

One evening that Sidney had been spending with Estcourt, he had played for much larger stakes than usual, and was unsuccessful to an amount which he knew would even occasion him much inconvenience. It was morning when he reached his home, flushed with wine, and inwardly execrating his own ill luck. Emily, trembling with a thousand apprehensions, had been unable to retire to rest, and sat waiting his return with the most fearful anxiety; but his gloomy and perturbed aspect overpowered her with terror and distress. Sidney spoke not, but threw himself into a chair, and sullenly rested his head on his hand as if in deep

thought. Emily feared to interrupt his meditation; but anxiety prevailed over every other consideration, and, gently leaning over his shoulder, she inquired if he would not come to bed. "No, Emily," said he; "but it is time you were at rest, and I would wish to be alone."—Emily moved towards the door; but she still lingered, and could not forbear saying, in a gentle tone, "I fear you are ill, Sidney, will you not lie down, and I—" "No! I am *not* ill," he interrupted her in an angry voice; "but pray leave me, and ask no more questions."—"Sidney," replied Emily, "this is not as it should be—forgive me, but I must speak to you; if you are unhappy, why may not I share your grief? If you are distressed, let me endeavour to console you."—"It cannot be, Emily; your presence can give me no relief."—"You were not used to act thus!" she exclaimed; "Oh, Sidney! beware—break not the bond of our union thus early—cast me not off from your love and affection!"—"Emily! what can you mean?" said Sidney.—"Oh, I know—I foresee it all! It is Estcourt who will teach you to despise and desert *me*, and he will lead *you* to ruin. He is a gamester; but, dear Sidney, I implore you to stop short in that pursuit, if indeed, as I fear, you are but too often engaged in it. It hardens the heart—it deadens the feelings—it leads to crime, to misery, and death. We never can, we never *shall* be happy while you forsake your home to join in so fearful a vice."—"How know you that I have been engaged as you say?"—"I read it in your countenance," said Emily; "disappointed hopes, and irritated feelings—but worse than either is the indifference, the carelessness, with which you meet my inquiries. I will not tell you that my heart is wounded—that my pride is hurt—but I will implore you for your own sake—for mine, if that now be of any value to you—to shake off the acquaintance of one who is seeking your ruin."—"All

this is very fine, Emily," said Sidney; "but in future I will thank you to keep your advice until the time when I may require it."—"And so I would, dear Sidney, so I would; I would not care for poverty, nor distress, if *you* were unchanged—if you were but as kind and as attached as you once were. It is the want of that which causes me to speak; it is for that I brave your anger *now*, ere worse ensue. Oh, dear Sidney! tell me only wherein I have offended you! tell me only what I can or should do to bring back your love?"—"Emily, be pacified!" replied Sidney; "I never can, never shall cease to love and esteem you, so let that content you for the present, and now good night."—"I will try and believe your assertion," said Emily; "if it be indeed but a delusion, it will be one I would not wish to awake from"—and she hastily left the room.

When Emily had quitted him, Sidney could not fail to feel the justice of her complaints. He knew and felt that he was neglecting her—her to whom he had vowed constant and unchanging love—and that his virtuous and amiable wife had a right to his utmost attention and respect; but the returning morning would chase from his mind these reflections; for, though Sidney could form good resolutions, he wanted stability of mind to enable him to keep them: he was too easily persuaded into the commission of actions which, on retrospection, he could not fail to condemn.

The sorrow which Emily experienced from the dissipated life led by her husband, had a severe effect upon her health and spirits. The colour faded from her cheeks, and she had an ominous cough. Still she had ever a smile with which to greet Sidney when he returned to her; and his occasional fits of ill temper she bore with gentleness and forbearance. Sidney often sighed when he looked upon her, and his conscience upbraided him for the poor return which he had made for all the

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love and tenderness which she had ever manifested towards him; but he was too eager after that phantom, which men of the world so falsely call pleasure; and, capricious and lightly minded, he endeavoured to lose the remembrance of the sad thoughts which troubled and upbraided him in wine and dissipation; and the deeper he drank of the intoxicating cup, the still farther was he removed from happiness and inward peace.

Emily often expressed an earnest desire to return to England. She was wearied with the frivolity and licentiousness of Italian manners, and entertained a hope that, if she could succeed in removing Sidney from the scenes of his infatuation, all might yet be well. At length he gave a reluctant consent, and the day was fixed on which they were to leave Naples.

Sidney had gone to the Marchese's one evening with a view of taking leave; but the tables were preparing for the various games of chance; a large party was assembled; and he was challenged by Estcourt to sit down to one of them. For a time, fortune favoured him; and, finding himself a winner, he was persuaded to play for larger stakes, and he arose a loser to the amount of nearly all his fortune. Hastily giving his note for the money, he rushed from the house in a state of desperation.

Grief for the heavy loss which his own imprudence and folly had caused threw him into a fever. How anxiously did Emily watch and pray by his bedside for his recovery! But Sidney was insensible of her presence. He became delirious, and, during his paroxysms, accused himself of guilt and ingratitude, and implored Emily's forgiveness in the most moving terms. Youth and a good constitution enabled him eventually to triumph over his malady, and he was pronounced convalescent. Emily reproached him not, but strove to render him sensible how little she regarded the loss of fortune, should it be the means of

restoring him to his home and to virtue.

All the heartless beings who had gathered around Sidney in the day of his prosperity forsook him, when he could no longer minister to their gratification, and even the doors of the Marchese were closed against him. How delightful was it to turn from those time-serving reptiles to Emily, who affectionately endeavored to alleviate his pangs of disappointment and self-reproach? Sidney could not view her conduct unmoved. Bitter, indeed, were the accusations of his own heart. To Emily he now clung as to the being on whom alone his happiness depended.

Emily's little fortune yet remained; and on that, added to what Sidney had left, they were yet able to live in tolerable competence, though in a style far different from that of former times.

Emily's heart yearned after her native country; but she was too feeble to undertake so long a journey; and when Sidney—whose illness had occasioned her to struggle against physical weakness—was perfectly recovered, her spirits failed, her appetite forsook her, and she was compelled to have medical advice.

As Naples was now hateful to both, and as Sidney hoped that Emily would find benefit from the change, they took a small but pleasant cottage at Frascati. For a time, Emily's health seemed to improve; and all but herself anticipated complete recovery. She, however, felt within her the symptoms of gradual decay. One morning, during Sidney's absence, she applied herself to her drawing, as a mode of relieving the melancholy that oppressed her; but the subject was ill chosen—instead of relieving, it increased her weakness. She was giving the last touches the picture required. She had sketched, from memory, the well-known white cottage that had been her home during the lifetime of her father. "Yes," said Emily, surveying it with a pensive smile,

"I have succeeded well in this instance—it is *very* like—but here I could scarcely fail, so deeply is the scene impressed on my memory. Oh! happy, peaceful home of my infant years, and early youth, must I never look on you more? Must love, and hope, and life fade thus early from me? A few years past, I roamed in those green fields, a gay and laughing child, thoughtless of the unhappiness and sorrow which have since been my portion. And yet how wise is that decree of the Almighty, which veils futurity from our view, that a knowledge of the evil to come may not poison the bliss of our present existence."—Emily paused a moment, for her heart was full of tender recollections. "There is my own rose-tree by the door," she said, "that I tended with so much fondness—perhaps no care is now bestowed on it; but, like me, it is blighted and withering. The window—Ah! there it is, overshadowed with jessamine—my father's window—where he sat so often, and watched my coming up the garden walk, that he might hasten to meet me—where is he now? Where I shall soon be! Yes, father! dear father! Emily is about to join you; and Sidney, I must leave *you* to whom my heart is so closely wedded. Oh, that is a bitter thought! How shall I bear it? Strengthen me to endure thy dispensation, oh, Father of the universe!"—Emily folded her hands, and bowed her head submissively. "Emily!" said Sidney, in a tender tone, having entered unobserved—"why are you thus agitated? Come, let me put away this drawing—see what I have brought you;" and he attempted playfully to pass a silken scarf around her shoulders, of a colour and embroidered pattern which he had formerly known her admire. "Not now," said Emily; "I cannot wear it now—perhaps *never*! but you were *very* kind to think of me. Alas!"—she paused, "I feel too well assured that my course on earth is drawing to a close: and I grieve

only that I must part from *you*."—She threw her arms affectionately round his neck. "Dear Emily," said Sidney, "do not thus distress me, by even naming such an event. You were wrong, in your weak state, to indulge in drawing what was so likely to revive many sad feelings."—"Perhaps so," replied Emily; "but it is not the first time I have thought of death; and I wish you also to consider of it, that, when I shall indeed be summoned away, you may not be wholly unprepared. Dear, dear Sidney," continued she, "let me, before that fatal hour arrives, have the happiness of seeing your doubts and prejudices removed, and know that you do indeed own the Christian's faith. Assured of this, death will lose half its bitterness; and the certainty of our reunion will beam brightly amidst the darkness of our parting hour."—"We will talk farther of this another time, Emily," said Sidney; "but you must not exhaust your strength *now*: if due care be not taken to preserve you from agitation of mind and spirits, we can have no reasonable ground to expect the restoration of your health."—"You are right, Sidney," replied Emily; "and in future I will endeavour to be more careful. Alas! I fear I value life too highly, as my existence *now* seems necessary to your happiness."—Sidney pressed her hand, in token of his affection, and led her to converse on other subjects.

The weather was now delightful; and, though Emily could not walk far, she felt inexpressible delight, when, leaning on her husband's arm, she took a few turns in the garden surrounding their cottage.—Soon after his recovery, Sidney had frankly confided to her the tale of his wanderings, for he could not be satisfied until she knew all, and had pronounced his entire forgiveness. Emily endeavoured to conceal the emotion with which she heard him; but she could not refrain from weeping when he spoke of the Marchese Al-

bertini, although her heart was lifted up in thankfulness that he had become sensible of her depravity.

Sidney soon perceived that Emily had experienced no essentially beneficial change in her health. Ultimate recovery was what he now dared not to expect. When in the height of their prosperity, at Naples, Emily had formed a slight acquaintance with an English clergyman named Faulkner; and Sidney now, at her earnest request, entreated him to visit them. The kind and venerable old man immediately complied, and Emily felt much comforted by his conversations. Her *example* operated powerfully on the mind of her husband; her *practice* accorded with her belief; and it was delightful to observe the inward happiness she experienced from the faith which she possessed. Misfortune and sorrow had lowered Sidney's pride; his conscience reproached him for many and grievous sins; his only earthly treasure was about to pass away from him; and he needed the comforting assurance of divine pardon for past offences. It is impossible to depict the joy of Emily on being fully assured that he had entirely abandoned his erroneous opinions.

Emily, though very weak, and suffering much from cough, was not confined to her bed. She had always been fond of flowers, and she delighted now to inhale the fragrance of some choice plants which had been placed in her chamber window; and she would sit and look out on the fair prospect before her, all bright and glowing with the rays of the setting sun, while her tears would fall to think she could never again hope to wander forth in the open air. Yet she repined not, for she considered her lot a blessed one in being spared to see the reformation of her husband, to regain his love and esteem, and to witness so great a change wrought in his manners and habits of thinking. She had prayed for this; and she endeavoured to console herself with the thought, that their separation would be but for a

few short years, when she might again hope to be for ever reunited to the being on whom she had bestowed her dearest affections, and for whose interest she was so deeply solicitous.

About this time Emily had the satisfaction to receive a kind letter from Sidney's father, to whom she had written, unknown to her husband, telling of her own hopeless state of health, and entreating that he would receive and console his son in the event of her death. All this, and more, Mr. Morton promised; and Sidney's heart blessed Emily for the reconciliation which she had effected.

Emily lingered on; and, though given over by the physicians, Sidney still hoped. One evening she had taken her usual place beside the window, in an easy chair, supported by pillows, while Sidney sat beside her, eagerly watching every movement of her still-lovely though emaciated countenance, when a letter was brought to her from Mr. Denby. Sidney read it to her. Emily sighed. "I shall never see him more on earth," she said; "but you, Sidney, will thank him for all his kindness; *you* will bear my gratitude to all those who have ever interested themselves for my benefit. How calm will now be my last hour, compared with the agony that some months back would have torn my very soul, had I known that death was at hand, and that you did not confidently look forward, like myself, to a better and happier state of existence!"—"I, too, am thankful," said Sidney, "that I can at length feel the consolation which religion affords in the hour of affliction and bereavement." There was a pause of some minutes; and then Sidney, as was now his custom of an evening, took up the holy volume, and read, with fervour and solemnity, some of its most beautiful and consoling passages. Emily gazed on him with a melancholy fondness; and, when he had finished, she raised her hands to heaven in thankfulness and prayer. It was a bright and beautiful evening, the setting sun

tinging every object around with its golden hues ; calm, peaceful, and serene, with just enough of wind stirring to waft towards them the scent of the sweet flowers, and of various aromatic plants and shrubs. Emily raised herself, and looked on the scene. "How beautiful !" she said ; "and yet, England, mine own land, beloved place of my birth—would that I could die there ! but God's will be done ; and while *you* are with me shall I dare to repine ?—and she pressed Sidney's hand affectionately. They sat some time longer gazing on the fair landscape ; when Sidney, observing that Emily looked very pale, persuaded her to retire to rest. She faintly smiled assent to his proposition, and he as-

sisted her to rise ; but she was too weak to walk, and he carried her to a couch, and knelt down beside her. "Sidney," she said, with difficulty, "I *feel* that I am dying—we must part—yet only for a time—God be praised that now *you* know that consoling truth also. Oh, blessed Redeemer ! strengthen and preserve my husband's faith !"—Emily breathed with difficulty, and Sidney raised her up. She threw her arms around his neck—a faint shudder passed over her frame—he felt the arms which encircled him relax in their embrace—and when he looked, all was still, and the spirit of his Emily had passed from a world of sin and suffering to find repose in the mansion of eternity.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

Poor dog, and art thou dead ! even as a dream
To me, who know the truth, thy fate would
seem ;

Thou wert so full of strength, so fond of play—
Last week all strength, and now a thing of
clay !

I look as thou couldst enter, and I hark,
As if I hoped once more to hear thy bark,
Alas ! that sight is now a vision o'er ;
Alas ! that sound is hush'd forevermore.

Yes ! all thy services have found an end,
Thou most obsequious slave, yet staunchest
friend ;

No more, when tired and languid shalt thou
bless

My vacant hour with gambol and caress ;
And, when return'd from absence, I shal' see,
Thine eyes no more gleam welcome back to
me !

Through eight long chequer'd years thy love
was tried,

And night beheld thee ever at my side ;

Partaker of my gladness and my gloom,—

Yea, had Fate call'd thee, freely of my tomb.—

Art thou then, Boxer, but a thing which cast

A household gleam of joy on seasons past,—

A vanish'd toy,—a figure intertwined

In memory's net,—a day-dream of the mind ?

And shall I hearken, as I near the door,

Thy pattering step and honest bark no more ?

Yet can I e'er forget, how, night and day,
When sickness held me, by my couch you lay,
Unwearied, uncomplaining ; and how kind,
When first I rose, you lick'd my hand and
whined ;

Look'd in my pale face with delighted eye,
And wagg'd thy tail to say, thou must not die !

And all the household loved thee—thou to them

Wert as a love-link, a domestic gem ;

In thee bound up was many a cherish'd thought,
And home-sensations by thy sight were brought ;
Where'er 'twas ours to rest, 'twas ours to
roam,

Thy presence was a spell, that spake of home—
A nook of calm, amid a world of strife ;
A sheltering haven from the storms of life.

Now thou art dead—in health, upon thee
came

Unnerving palsy, and relax'd thy frame :

Day after day we hoped to see thee rise,

But read thou couldst not in thy helpless cries ;

Yet, when we patted thee, 'twas sore to brook

The silent kindness of thy placid look,

As if with life's last throb could but depart

Thy love, thy care, thy stedfastness of heart ;

And that thy worst of sufferings was the pain,

That thou shouldst follow not our steps again :

Poor generous animal, 'twas sad to see

Thy helpless case, yet firm fidelity ;

To read the longing wish within thine eyes,

Yet see thee struggle, but in vain, to rise ;—

We mourned thee, waning weaker every hour,

Till scarce to raise thy head remain'd the
power ;

And such distressful thoughts thy misery bred,

That we were glad at last to know thee dead !

Farewell, brute pattern of an honest heart,

And if for thee a tear unwonted start,

'Tis all I can repay thee for a love,

That neither time could chill, nor dangers
move ;

For guardianship through midnights dark and
dear,

For thou wert watchful and devoid of fear ;

And hours of kind companionship, which would,

But for thy presence, have been solitude,—

Whether we roam'd unseen mid summer leaves ;

Or mid the autumn's ripe and redd'n'd sheaves ;

Or mid the frost-bound moorlands, when the
day
Gleam'd from the low south with enfeebled
ray,
And thou wouldst chase the crow, and scare
the lark,
And toss aloft the feathery snows, and bark.

Still'd the warm heart, whose truth disdain'd
to move,
And clos'd the eyes that ever beam'd with
love;
Now thou art laid beneath the garden trees,
Where thou hast lain to snuff the summer
breeze;
Wildflowers shall shoot above thy grassy bed,

Birds sing, and blossoms wither o'er thy head;
And surely never, when we pass the spot,
Where low thou moulder'st, shalt thou be for-
got.

Farewell, poor dog, a heartfelt last farewell!
And ere the thoughts of thee have lost their
spell,—

As days on days their billowy hours expand,
And dim the lines on Memory's figured sand,—
From thy unwearied care, thy sleepless zeal,
Thy fearless daring for thy master's weal,
A precious lesson let my spirit find,
And learn to be as pure as thou wert kind,
To keep in faith as firm, from fault as free,
And cling to Virtue, as thou didst to me!

WHO CAN IT BE?

ONE evening last summer, as I sat at my window, which looks into the northern court of the University of Glasgow, I saw a man walking backwards and forwards, who excited my curiosity in an extraordinary degree. I know not why I became so interested in him, for his person and dress, though somewhat singular, were by no means so remarkable as to attract any very uncommon degree of notice. He was a short thick figure, dressed in a suit of black, with a cocked, or rather three-cornered hat upon his head, and a long queue descending for some space down his back. The only thing further which it is necessary to detail, was his paunch, which boasted of dimensions truly orthodox;—and his nose red and lumpish, and spanned over by a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, through which he looked with that pomposity of expression, which the civic dignitaries of all cities are apt to assume, on entering upon their authority.

The evening was hot, and a glare of sickly light filled the atmosphere, which was close and oppressive. My window was in the shade, and stood open for the purpose of attracting as much coolness as the air afforded. I had just finished half a bottle of Port, after dining heartily on oysters, devilled fowls, and macaroni. Altogether, I was languid, heavy, and disposed, if not absolutely to sleep,

at least to doze. My whole frame was nervous; and the mind, sympathising with the state of its tenement, in a full condition for dreams, nightmares, and other chimeras of the imagination. Altogether, I believe, I would have slept, had not the man with the long tie and tortoise-shell spectacles caught my observation.

He was walking on the opposite, or sunny side of the court, and his pace was sedate and orderly. He was evidently a person of importance, and too well satisfied with himself to increase his speed. No sooner did he move athwart the window, than the languid lids which were falling slowly over my visual orbs, were lifted up, and I turned them involuntarily upon him. "That," thought I, "is a man who would not quicken his step one jot to save the College from destruction." Again did I look at him, and again did I behold the self-same consequential form treading the sunny side of the court. He carried a stick in his right hand. It was not for any ordinary purpose that he carried it, for it was a rough orange stick, with a brazen cramp at its lower extremity, and an embossed silver cap at its upper. Neither was it to sustain him in his perambulations, for his lower limbs were brawny and athletic, and made to scorn such assistances. The use of that stick

must be—to support his dignity. Had it been a crabstick, a hazel sapling, a supple-jack, or even an oaken cudgel, I could have passed it by without notice, but it was none of these. It was an orange stick, shod with brass and capped with silver; and as he walked along he struck its point upon the earth with a firmness which made the echo to resound through the court. "It must be to support his dignity he has that stick. No person but one of some consequence would wear such a baton, or walk with it so pompously.

Having made these reflections, I closed my eyes and tried to fall into a slumber, but I could not. I heard the slow solemn pace of the stranger as he walked alone. I heard him well for he had creaking shoes; and every step he made was accompanied with a response from his stick, as it struck the flag-stones with its brazen extremity. Up went my eyelids, and turning to the sunny side, there did I behold him walking backwards and forwards as at first.

I looked at him for some time, for I was interested in the man. His face—it was impossible to analyse its expression. It was plump and rosy. "He must," thought I, "be a good liver. Such cheeks, such a nose, such a double chin is not to be obtained for nothing. No, he understands living well; he has read Apicius in the original, and is no doubt familiar with Meg Dods and Kitchiner. Perhaps he is Kitchiner himself." Unfortunately for this hit I recollected that Kitchiner had died the month before. "At any rate, he must be a *bon vivant*, and has, peradventure, dined on oysters, devilled fowls, and macaroni, like myself. Who knows but he may be Doctor Redgill, spoken of in 'Marriage,' or the Nabob Touchwood, fresh from 'St Ronan's Well?'" I looked at him till my eyes grew tired, but I could perceive no alteration in his movements or appearance. The same step—the same pompous air—the same knocking on the earth with his baton—there was

not an atom of difference. "Verily, that man's dignity is great," thought I once more, as I closed my eyes, uttered a long yawn, and fell into a slumber.

A slumber! it was but the shadow of one—the reflection of a dream. I was neither asleep nor awake; for though my eyes were sealed in oblivion, my ears were not—and I heard, as in the depths of nightmare, the distant and confused noise of the street, beyond the College gates—the voices of fishwomen—the ticking of my own time-piece, and the sound of my own breath. All these things I heard; but they were as nothing to the tread in the court—to the creaking shoes and brazen-shod stick of the stranger. There was something about this man which scared slumber away, and I was obliged to open my eyes, which were once more fixed upon him with increased curiosity.

I could not understand it. There was apparently nothing remarkable about the man. He was clothed in black, it is true, and had a three-cornered hat, a long *queue* and tortoiseshell spectacles. Well, and what then? are not many men clothed in black, and do not some wear three-cornered hats, long *queues*, and tortoiseshell spectacles? Then, to extricate myself from this dilemma, I called the orange stick to my assistance, and endeavored to extract from it something sufficiently marvellous to account for my curiosity—then the pompous gait of its bearer—then his creaking shoes, and lastly, his rosy physiognomy. It would not do. There was nothing odd in any of them. What then was there about the man to attract my notice so irresistibly? Apparently there was nothing, and yet there must be something—for it was clear that my notice had been irresistibly attracted.

Altogether I was perplexed. My corporeal and mental functions were clearly opposed to each other, the former inspiring me to sleep, the latter striving to keep me awake. I felt a weight fall upon my spirit. I

was hot, thirsty, and comfortless; and, what with the tendency to fall into slumber, and the effort not to do so, I resembled the ass between two bundles of hay, and remained like Mahomet's coffin poised by the influence of resisting powers. In the atmosphere there was something insufferably hot; not a breath of wind filled the court; every thing was stagnant; and a drowsiness fell upon the face of nature, like that rendered immortal by Thomson, in his Castle of Indolence.

Did I say that every thing was stagnant? If I said so, I erred. There was one object that bade defiance to this universal languor; and that was the man with the tortoiseshell spectacles and long *queue*. Wonderful man! while all nature was sinking into *ennui*, he continued his endless and interminable walk. He had been at work for half an hour; the time-piece was opposite me, and I knew it to a minute. What could be the meaning of this? there was something unfathomable about him; his name was Mystery, and the longer I looked at him the more miraculous did his whole appearance seem. Never were fancy and reason so preposterously opposed. The latter told me there was nothing about the man particularly worthy of observation; the former hinted that he was clothed with wonder as with a garment, and that he must be—somebody.

"Who can it be?" This was the first problem which it was imperative to solve. I had already found out that he could not be Kitchen-er, seeing that this worthy gastronome was dead. Then Doctor Redgill and Touchwood came in review, but, without knowing anything of the persons of these gentlemen, I arrived somehow at the conclusion, that it could not be any of them. He must be a contributor to Blackwood, and certainly a celebrated one. Perhaps he is Christopher North; but no—he is not old enough for that; or Timothy Tickler—but he is not tall enough. He cannot be

Hogg, no—nor ODoherty—that is evident; nor can he be Delta—for he, I am told, is a tall young man, with light hair. He is perhaps Ebony himself; yes, he is Ebony. But no—confound it—he can't be that either, for Ebony neither wears a three-cornered hat nor has a long *queue*.

In this manner did I cogitate, while the important subject of my meditations walked opposite, apparently unconscious of my presence. There was—I love to repeat it—an air of awful dignity about him. It was clear that he was a man of importance, or, what is the same thing, that he thought himself one. Nor did this look of profound dignity seem to diminish as I gazed upon him. On the contrary, its influence increased. Every minute the person rose in my estimation; and I became certain that he must be one of the great men of the earth.

Nor was my admiration confined to his person alone; there was something interesting in his very habiliments. "That three-cornered hat," I thought, "is such as Raymond Lully, or Erasmus must have worn. There is something antique in its cut, and it could only fit the scone of a man of genius!" I now began to conjecture who could have made it; and I verily believe that had it been at this moment in the market, I would have given as much for it as for the wishing cap of Fortunatus. My cogitations descended from the cocked-hat to the walking staff. While looking upon it, I called to mind the rod of Moses, and the wand of Esculapius. It was none of your vulgar, ill-natured crab-sicks—none of your hazel staffs. It was an orange stem, probably of Seville, or Montpellier growth: perhaps St Michael or Jamaica produced it. Nor was the coat of this mysterious man less worthy of observation. Stultze made it not; he never made such a coat. It was a goodly garment, of noble dimensions, and buttoned with ample swell over the circumference of his lordly paunch. There was an

air of knowingness about it—some thing of erudition. The tailor who contrived it, must have been a grave and learned man—not the ninth part of humanity—not a fraction of his species, as tailors from time immemorial have been said to be. What a mass of dignity is contained within its embrace! Elijah's mantle must have been somewhat like this. Were it mine, I would not exchange it for the Pontifical robes, nor for the purple of Cæsar himself. Lastly, his nether garments, compassing in their colossal volume so glorious a rotundity of thigh: Heavens, such a pair of unmentionables! Were they mine, I would cause them to be handed down as an heir-loom to my family, even till the latest generations. Breeches!—yes, the word sounds hard to polished ears—that man, I will be bold to say, wears his own, and is most assuredly—not henpecked.

Never was I so interested in any being; but human interest will flag at times, and the mind must now and then give way to the dictates of the body. In the midst of my meditations a renewed languor came over me, my eyes closed involuntarily, as if I sat in an atmosphere of poppy or night-shade, my hands fell powerless into my lap, and I lay back in the chair, with my mouth half open, and my whole spirit absorbed in one mysterious perplexity. I know not whether it could be called sleep: if it was, never did slumber come down upon the soul in more quaint and fantastic fashion. I had a perfect consciousness of what was going on, and yet I could not move nor take any part in it. I felt the glow of the evening sun as it warmed my frame with its sultry breath. I heard my clock ticking, and the noise of flies buzzing and fluttering around me; and now and then felt them settling with annoying pertinacity upon my nose and forehead.

But a truce to such sounds as these of buzzing flies and time-pieces. There was one sound, not perhaps more loud than these, which yet

drowned them in the magnificence of its moral loudness, and in its effect upon the mind. I allude to the tread of the man with the long *queue* and tortoise-shell spectacles. He was still at work, pacing the court with slow and solemn dignity. I knew it, though I saw him not. I knew it, though well-nigh asleep; for I heard the creak—creak—creak—of his measured step, and the no less monotonous tick—tick—tick of the brazen-shod baton, responding to the music of his feet. I continued in this state of dozing somnolency for fifteen minutes, and was aroused from it by my clock striking the hour of seven. During my half slumber, I was in a state of fascination, from which I found it impossible to liberate myself. I was in a trance: an incubus hung equally upon my body and spirit; and the sounding of the seventh hour seemed as the voice of a good angel, commanding the spell by which I was fettered to depart.

I awoke, opened my eyes, yawned, stretched myself, and looked out. The man was still there—Zounds, I never doubted it! Who but himself could produce the tread I have been describing? whose stick but his, could beat the ground with such dignity? Upon my honor, the man was still there! By accurate computation, he had walked forty-five, ay fifty minutes. He had gone all this time in the sun too—on the sunny side of the court, be it remembered, when the thermometer stood at eighty. I formerly wondered who he could be: I now begin to marvel what he wanted. Judging from his gate, he was surely a great man; and it was only rational to suppose he had come on some great occasion. "He must be one of the Commissioners," thought I, "appointed by the King to examine the state of the Scottish Universities, and is doubtless here upon his commission. Which of them can it be?—let me think. The Earl of Aberdeen is one, and so is the Earl of Lauderdale, but it is neither of them. Lord Melville is another, as likewise the

Lord President." It would not do : these noblemen were all of the Commissioners whose names I recollected, and unluckily I knew them all by sight. Had there been any one of them with whose appearance I was unacquainted, I would have fixed upon the stranger as him, beyond a doubt. I now began to recollect that sundry learned men from Germany were shortly expected at our Colleges ; among others, Gall and Spurzheim, and the celebrated Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead, of whom honorable mention has been made in my Metempsychosis. For Gall, the man was too young ; for Spurzheim, he was too short ; for Doctor Dunderhead, he was neither old enough nor short enough, although in other respects he closely resembled that eminent professor. At last the idea struck me that he must be Doctor Scott the Odontist, or Professor Leslie, when the pigtail descending beneath his three-cornered hat demonstrated how much I was mistaken. That eternal *queue* was the stumbling block to all my surmises. I knew nobody that wore a *queue* but the Duke of Hamilton ; and his Grace could not for one moment be mistaken for the man—nor the man for his Grace.

The more I reflected on this subject the greater my perplexity became. I had still a strong inclination to sleep, but I combated it for the sake of unravelling the secret. Meanwhile the stranger continued his pace. He went like a horse in a gin, only his course was backwards and forwards, instead of being round about. Nor in the whole of this walk did he abate one jot of his dignity. He still preserved the same pompous, consequential step which had first attracted my notice—carrying his head as high as ever, looking as proudly through his spectacles, and placing his baton with unmitigated firmness upon the earth. Altogether, there was a mystery about the man which I would have given the half of what I was worth to be acquainted with.

I have spoken of his person, of his dress, and of his gait, and have descanted upon them with sufficient copiousness ; but there were some other things which there was no resisting the wish to know. I had already settled the point that he was a *bon vivant* ; his amplitude of paunch and claret complexion established this beyond a doubt. "He is probably," I thought, "fond of roasted beef not overdone, and of beef-steak cooked *a l'Anglaise*. That he likes a draught of London porter after dinner is, I should think, likely ; that he likes wine is certain ; spirits I do not believe he cares much about. What kind of wine does he prefer—Claret, Malaga, or Hermitage ? Neither. These are too watery and Frenchified for the rich current of his blood. Old Port and Madeira are his favorites, take my word for it. Talking of politics, the man is a Tory. His air is too lordly and aristocratic for Whiggism, which he would blow to the earth with the breath of his nostrils."

While reflecting in this manner, I got into better humor with myself. I had made some hits which pleased me, and I thought that the mystery would straightway dissolve like snow before the fire of my ingenuity. But, after all, they were only hits—mere guesses. They might all be wrong ; instead of being a great man, he might be a very little man ; instead of being a Tory, he might be a most egregious Whig. The only thing certain was—that he loved good things. This there was no denying, as his corporeity was a living witness to the fact.

For more than fifty minutes had he by this time paced the opposite side of the court ; and the circumstance of his being a *bon vivant* was—I must repeat it—in reality the only fact I had discovered about him. The other surmises might be right, or they might be wrong. He might be Touchwood, or Redgill, or one of the University Commissioners, for any thing I knew to the contrary. I was going to repeat that he might

be Doctor Scott, but no—his pigtail set that forever at rest.

Could he be a Bailie? It was possible, for he possessed much of the awful dignity which characterizes these functionaries; his paunch, his step, the air with which he looked through the glasses of his spectacle;—all were magisterial.

A Methodist preacher? Impossible. If he be a preacher at all, he must be a bishop or a cardinal. That important look, that air of condition, that atmosphere of good living which floats around him, cannot savour of the sour, lank, vinegar aspect of Methodism.

A lawyer? A moment's thought convinced me that I was again at fault. What lawyer ever possessed such a lordly bearing, such a consciousness of superiority, and such freedom from care and calculation as reposes in the expression of that face.

A physician? The very idea savoured of absurdity. The time-serving smile, the insinuating address of the practitioners of physic, were wanting in his bold pompous front. The man was too full of his own importance to undertake the task of wedging himself into the graces of the sick.

A quaker? Fudge!

What then, in the name of miracle, was he? It was impossible to tell, and I tortured my brain for no purpose, in the vain endeavour to solve the difficulty. All I could ascertain to my own satisfaction was the profession to which he actually did—not belong; and that he neither appertained to the tribe of lawyers, doctors, quakers, nor methodists, was as clear as mathematical demonstration could make it.

"I must discover him. There is something about the man, which cannot be allowed to remain in obscurity; and, if I die the moment after, I shall have the secret out of him." Such were my determinations, and I resolved to hit upon some plan to effect the purpose. But what plan can I adopt? Could I ask him his

name and business? It was impossible to take such liberty with so awe-inspiring a personage. Who knows but he might read me a lecture from the Philippics of Demosthenes, and send me quailing back beneath the lightning of his eloquence? I could not doubt that he was a great orator. Notwithstanding the overpowering dignity of his demeanor it was possible he might descend to sarcasm and rebuke, to punish impertinence. Who knows if he would even be above applying his stick to my unfortunate numskull?

These reflections had their due weight in deterring me from so hazardous an experiment; but while they deterred me, they also excited my curiosity to the highest pitch. The desire for information augmented with the difficulty of procuring it. I no longer sat like a fixture at the window: my agitation was too great to admit of so sedentary a position, and I got up in a paroxysm of intense anxiety, and walked about the room—rummaging every nook of my brain to find out some way of coming at the object in view. I was literally haunted—I could not drive the strange man from my head. If I looked out, I saw him walking with my bodily eye: if I turned away, I beheld him equally well with the eye of the mind. Nor did the sound of his footsteps for a moment escape me. I heard them creaking upon the court, accompanied by the attendant and ghostlike responses of the everlasting walking-stick.

My anxiety at last attained such a pitch, that I verily believe I should have died upon the spot, if a copious flood of tears had not come to my relief. "Can nothing be done?" said I, weeping bitterly. "Must I remain in ignorance of this extraordinary man? who is he—what does he want—is he Whig or Tory—does he drink Port in preference to Malaga or Hermitage—has he dined like myself, on oysters and macaroni—does he write to Blackwood?" Such were the questions that crowded on my imagination; but, alas, there was

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no one to answer them but the man himself,—with the tortoise-shell spectacles and the long *queue*! What could I do? I was ashamed and afraid to put them to him. Good breeding and caution alike forbade so extraordinary a proceeding. In this dilemma I threw myself upon the sofa, and buried my tear-bedewed face in one of the pillows, while I sobbed like the child who broke its heart because its nurse could not give it the moon as a plaything.

But I did not long give way to idle sorrow. Resentment took its place, and inspired my heart with deadly energy. I felt myself insulted by the stranger. "He must be a villain," I exclaimed in the bitterness of my soul, "thus to tamper with the agonies of a fellow being. Notwithstanding his dignity, he is neither more nor less than—a villain." Would it be believed that in so short a time I threw away all my late feelings of reverence and admiration!—but the human heart is a strange piece of mechanism, which is constantly getting into disorder, and

turning disloyally upon itself. From the bottom of my spirit, I thought him a villain, whom I had just wondered at, and revered, and admired. "Yes, he is neither more nor less. He has haunted me till my brain borders on distraction. He *shall* account for himself;—by heaven, he shall tell me who he is." My mind was wrought to a pitch of frenzied excitement—anger lent me courage—insatiable curiosity led me on; and I determined either to make him open his oracular lips and reveal himself, or to join with him in mortal death-grapple. Full of these terrible resolutions, I put on my hat, buttoned my coat, set my teeth, and descended the stair with portentous speed. On reaching the front door I paused a few seconds before opening it, to rally my ideas and collect my energies into one powerful focus. This done I opened the door, stepped into the court, and looked around me. Horrible to relate—the man was gone, and I never saw him more!

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

THE QUEEN OF THE MEADOW.

A COUNTRY STORY.

IN a winding unfrequented road in the south of England, close to a low, two-arched bridge thrown across a stream of more beauty than consequence, stood the small irregular dwelling and the picturesque buildings of Hatherford mill. It was a pretty scene on a summer afternoon was that old mill, with its strong lights and shadows, its low-browed cottage covered with the clustering pyracantha, and the clear brook, which, after dashing, and foaming, and brawling, and playing off all the airs of a mountain river whilst pent up in the mill stream, was no sooner let loose than it subsided into its natural peaceful character, and crept quietly along the valley, meandering through the green woody meadows,

as tranquil a trout stream as ever Isaac Walton angled in. Many a passenger has stayed his step to admire the old buildings of Hatherford mill, backed by its dark orchard, especially when the accompanying figures, the jolly miller sitting before the door pipe in mouth and jug in hand like one of Teniers' boors, the mealy miller's man with his white sack over his shoulder carefully descending the out-of-door steps, and the miller's daughter flitting about amongst her poultry, gave life and motion to the picture.

The scenery on the other side of the road was equally attractive in a different style. Its principal feature was the great farm of the parish, an old manorial house, solid and vener-

able, with a magnificent clump of witch elms in front of the porch, a suburb of out-buildings behind, and an old-fashioned garden with its rows of espaliers, its wide flower borders, and its close filberd walk, stretching like a cape into the waters, the strawberry beds sloping into the very stream; so that the cows which, in sultry weather, came down by twos and by threes from the opposite meadows to cool themselves in the water, could almost crop the leaves as they stood.

In my mind *that* was the pleasantest scene of the two; but such could hardly have been the general opinion, since nine out of ten of the passers by never vouchsafed a glance at the great farm, but kept their eyes steadily fixed on the mill; perhaps to look at the old buildings, perhaps at the miller's young daughter.

Katy Dawson was accounted by common consent the prettiest girl in the parish. Female critics in beauty would be sure limit the commendation by asserting that her features were irregular, that she had not a good feature in her face, and so forth; but these remarks were always made in her absence; and no sooner did she appear than even her critics felt the power of her exceeding loveliness. It was the Hebe look of youth and health, the sweet and joyous expression, and above all the unrivalled brilliancy of colouring that made Katy's face with all its faults so pleasant to look upon. A complexion of the purest white, a coral lip, and a cheek like the pear, her namesake, on "the side that's next the sun," were relieved by rich curls of brown hair of the very hue of the glossy rind of the horse chestnut, turning when the sun shone on them into threads of gold. Her figure was well suited to her blossomy countenance, round, short, and child-like. Add to this "a pretty foot, a merry glance, a passing pleasing tongue," and no wonder that Katy was the belle of the village.

But gay and smiling though she were, the fair maid of the mill was

little access'ble to wooers. Her mother had long been dead, and her father, who held her as the very apple of his eye, kept her carefully away from the rustic junketings, at which rural flirtations are usually begun. Accordingly, our village beauty had reached the age of eighteen without a lover. She had indeed had two offers: one from a dashing horse-dealer, who having seen her for five minutes one day, when her father called her to admire a nag that he was cheapening, proposed for her that very night as they were chaffering about the price, and took the refusal in such dudgeon that he would have left the house utterly inconsolable, had he not contrived to comfort himself by cheating the offending papa twice as much as he intended in his horse bargain. The other proffer was from a staid, thick, sober, silent, middle-aged personage, who united the offices of schoolmaster and parish clerk, an old crony of the good miller's, in whose little parlour he had smoked his pipe regularly every Saturday evening for the last thirty years, and who called him still, from habit, "young Sam Robinson." He, one fine evening as they sat together smoking outside the door, broke his accustomed silence with a formal demand of his comrade's permission to present himself as a suitor to Miss Katy; which permission being, as soon as her father could speak for astonishment, civilly refused, master Samuel Robinson addressed himself to his pipe again with his wonted phlegm, played a manful part in emptying the ale jug and discussing the Welch rabbit, reappeared as usual on the following Saturday, and, to judge from his whole demeanour, seemed entirely to have forgotten his unlucky proposal.

Soon after the rejection of this most philosophical of all discarded swains, an important change took place in the neighbourhood, in the shape of a new occupant of the great farm. The quiet, respectable old couple, who had resided there for half a century, had erected the mossy

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sun-dial, and planted the great mulberry-tree, having determined to retire from business, were succeeded by a young tenant from a distant county, the younger son of a gentleman brought up to agricultural pursuits, whose spirit and activity, his boldness in stocking and cropping, and his scientific management of manures and machinery, formed the strongest possible contrast with the old world practices of his predecessors. All the village was full of admiration of the intelligent young farmer Edward Grey, who being unmarried, and of a kindly and social disposition, soon became familiar with high and low, and was nowhere a greater favourite than with his opposite neighbour, our good miller.

Katy's first feeling towards her new acquaintance was an awe altogether different from her usual shamefacedness; a genuine fear of the quickness and talent which broke out not merely in his conversation but in every line of his acute and lively countenance. There was occasionally a sudden laughing light in his hazel eye, and a very arch and momentary smile, now seen and now gone, to which, becoming as most people thought them, she had a particular aversion. In short, she paid the young farmer, for so he insisted on being called, the compliment of running away as soon as he came in sight, for three calendar months. At the end of that time appearances mended. First she began to loiter at the door; then she staid in the room; then she listened; then she smiled; then she laughed outright; then she ventured to look up; then she began to talk in her turn; and before another month had past would prattle to Edward Grey as freely and fearlessly as to her own father.

On his side it was clear that the young farmer, with all his elegance and refinement, his education and intelligence, liked nothing better than this simple village lass. He passed over the little humours proper to her as a beauty and a spoiled child with the kindness of an indulgent brother;

was amused with her artlessness, and delighted with her gaiety. Gradually he began to find his own fireside too lonely, and the parties of the neighbourhood too boisterous: the little parlour of the miller formed just the happy medium, quietness without solitude, and society without dissipation, and thither he resorted accordingly. His spaniel Ranger taking possession of the middle of the hearth-rug, just as comfortably as if in his master's own demesnes, and Katy's large tabby cat, a dog-hater by profession, not merely submitting to the usurpation, but even ceasing to erect her bristles on his approach.

So the world waned for three months more. One or two little mishaps had indeed occurred betwixt the parties. Once, for instance, at a fair held in the next town on the first of May, Katy having taken fright at the lions and tigers painted outside a show, had nevertheless been half led, half forced, into the booth, to look at the real living monsters, by her ungallant beau. This was a sad offence. But unluckily our village damsel had been so much entertained by some monkeys and parrots on her first entrance, that she quite forgot to be frightened, and afterwards, when confronted with the royal brutes, had taken so great a fancy to a beautiful panther, as to wish to have him for a pet; so that this quarrel passed away almost as soon as it began. The second was about the colour of a riband—an election riband. Katy having been much caught by the graceful person and gracious manner of a county candidate, who called to request her father's vote, had taken upon herself to canvas their opposite neighbour, and was exceedingly astonished to find her request refused, on no better plea than a difference from her favourite in political opinion, and a previous promise to his opponent. The little beauty, astonished at her want of influence, and rendered zealous by opposition, began to look grave, and parties would certainly have run high at Hatherford, had not her candidate

put a stop to the dispute by declining to come to the poll. So that that quarrel was pretermitted. At last a real and serious anxiety overclouded Katy's innocent happiness; and as it often happens in this world of contradictions, the grievance took the form of a gratified wish.

Of all her relations her cousin Sophy Maynard had long been her favourite. She was an intelligent, unaffected young woman, a few years older than herself; the daughter of a London tradesman, excellently brought up, with a great deal of information and taste, and a total absence of airs and finery. In person she might almost be called plain, but there was such a natural gentility about her, her manners were so pleasing, and her conversation so attractive, that few people after passing an evening in her society remembered her want of beauty. She was exceedingly fond of the country and of her pretty cousin, who on her part looked up to her with much of the respectful fondness of a younger sister, and had thought to herself an hundred times when most pleased with their new neighbour, *How I wish my cousin Sophy could see Edward Grey!* And now that her cousin Sophy had seen Edward Grey, poor Katy would have given all that she possessed in the world if they had never met. They were evidently delighted with each other, and proclaimed openly their mutual good opinion. Sophy praised Mr. Grey's vivacity; Edward professed himself enchanted with Miss Maynard's voice. Each was astonished to find in the other a cultivation unusual in that rank of life. They talked, and laughed, and sang together, and seemed so happy that poor Katy, without knowing why, became quite miserable; flew from Edward, avoided Sophy, shrank away from her kind father, and found no rest or comfort except when she could creep alone to some solitary place, and give vent to her vexation in tears. Poor Katy! she could not tell what ailed her, but she was quite sure that she

was wretched—and then she cried again.

In the mean while the intimacy between the new friends became closer and closer. There was an air of intelligence between them that might have puzzled wiser heads than that of our simple miller-maiden. A secret;—could it be a love secret?—and the influence of the gentleman was so open and avowed, that Sophy, when on the point of departure, consented to prolong her visit to Hatherford at his request, although she had previously resisted Katy's solicitations, and the hospitable urgency of her father.

Affairs were in this posture, when one fine evening towards the end of June, the cousins sallied forth for a walk, and were suddenly joined by Edward Grey, when at such a distance from the house as to prevent the possibility of Katy's stealing back thither, as had been her habit on such occasions. The path they chose led through long narrow meadows sloping down on either side to the winding stream, enclosed by high hedges, and seemingly shut out from the world. A pleasant walk it was through those newly mown meadows just cleared of the hay, with the bright rivulet meandering through banks so variously beautiful; now fringed by rushes and sedges; now bordered with little thickets of hawthorn and woodbine and the briar rose; now overhung by a pollard ash, or a silver-barked beech, or a lime-tree in full blossom; now a smooth turfy slope, green to the eye and soft to the foot; and now again a rich embroidery of the golden flag, the purple willowherb, the blue forget-me-not, and a "thousand fresh water flowers of several colours," making the bank as gay as a garden. It was impossible not to pause in this lonely spot; and Sophy who had been collecting a bright bunch of pink blossoms, the ragged robin, the wild rose, the crane's bill, and the foxglove, or to use the prettier Irish name of that superb plant, the fairy-cap, appealed to Katy to "read a

lecture of her country art," and show "what every flower as country people hold did signify"—a talent for which the young maid of the mill was as celebrated as Bellario. But poor Katy, who, declining Edward's offered arm, had loitered a little behind gathering long wreaths of the woodbine and the briony and the wild vetch, was, or pretended to be, deeply engaged in twisting the garland round her straw bonnet, and answered not a word. She tied on her bonnet however, and stood by listening, whilst the other two continued to talk of the symbolic meaning of flowers; quoting the well-known lines from the Winter's Tale, and the almost equally charming passage from Philaster.

At last Edward, who, during the conversation, had been gathering all that he could collect of the tall almond-scented tufts of the elegant meadow-sweet, whose crested blossoms arrange themselves into a plume so richly delicate, said, holding up his nosegay, "I do not know what mystical interpretation may be attached to this plant in Katy's country art, but it is my favourite amongst flowers; and if I were inclined to follow the eastern fashion of courtship, and make love by a nosegay, I should certainly send it to plead my cause. "And it shall be so," added he, after a short pause, his bright and sudden smile illumining his whole countenance. "The botanical name signifies the queen of the meadow, and wherever I offer this tribute, wherever I place this tuft, the homage of my heart, the proffer of my hand shall go also. Oh that the offering might find favour with my fair queen!"—Katy heard no more. She turned away to a little bay formed by the rivulet, where a bed of pebbles, overhung by a grassy bank, afforded a commodious seat, and there she sate her down, trembling, cold, and wretched, understanding for the first time her own feelings, and wondering if any body in all the world had ever been so unhappy before.

There she sate, with tears rolling down her cheeks, unconsciously making "rings of rushes that grew thereby," and Edward's dog Ranger, who had been watching a shoal of minnows at play in the shallow water, and every now and then inserting his huge paw into the stream as if trying to catch one, came to her and laid his rough head and his long brown curling ears in her lap, and looked at her with "eyes whose human meaning did not need the aid of speech," eyes full of pity and of love; for Ranger in common with all the four-footed world loved Katy dearly; and now he looked up in her face and licked her cold hand. Oh, kinder and faithfuller than your master! thought poor Katy, as with a fresh gush of tears she laid her sweet face on the dog's head, and sate in that position as it seemed to her for ages, whilst her companions were hooking and landing some white water lilies.

At last they approached, and she arose hastily and tremblingly and walked on, anxious to escape observation. "Your garland is loose Katy," said Edward, lifting his hand to her bonnet. "Come and see how nicely I have fastened it! No clearer mirror than the dark smooth basin of water under those hazels—Come!" He put her hand under his arm and led her thither, and there, when mechanically she cast her eyes on the stream, she saw the rich tuft of meadow-sweet, the identical queen of the meadow waving like a plume over her own straw bonnet: felt herself caught in Edward's arms, for between surprise and joy she had well nigh fallen; and when with instinctive modesty she escaped from his embrace, and took refuge with her cousin, the first sound that she heard was Sophy's affectionate whisper—"I knew it all the time, Katy! Every body knew it but you! and the wedding must be next week, for I have promised Edward to stay and be brides-maid."—And the next week they were married.

SIR MICHAEL SCOTT: A ROMANCE.*

OF this boundless Romance it is not easy to speak in the language of criticism, to the laws of which it does not hold itself amenable. "I have now seen, (says the hero at its close,) the dark hell, the bright heaven, and the green earth, and all that it contains:"—these sights, conceived and described with the wild and imaginative powers of Allan Cunningham, make the exuberant work before us. The want of human interest will probably be felt; but whoever loves to dwell amid enchantments, marvels, Gothic legends, witchcraft, allegories, and superstitions, will find ample space and verge enough in these volumes. They may, indeed, be called a sort of British Arabian Nights; sometimes reminding us of the impressive features of Goethe's *Faust*, at other times sporting with creatures of lighter aspects; but generally founded upon, or regulated by, traditional lore, and reviving many fire-side stories of the olden time yet hardly disbelieved in the ruder parts of the country.

King James instead of being slain on Flodden Field, is saved by the mighty wizard, Sir Michael Scott, and borne throughout all the regions of the earth, under the ocean, into the fields of air, into the infernal abodes, and into the mansions of the blest. Over this wide and excursive range, our author travels with creative fancy, and revels in the strangest vagaries;—occasionally without any very striking effect, or any distinct chain of connexion, but also occasionally with potent magic, and always displaying a wonderful fecundity of talent, and a vigorous pencil in tracing his unfettered thoughts.

The opening of the book is a leaf of nature itself.

"The sun was sinking in the west, when a stranger seated himself on the summit of one of the Cheviot

hills, and looked anxiously on the land below. The apple was red and ripening on the tree; the nuts were brown in their husks; the rowans' bitter bunch hung glossy amid the green bough; the wild plums grew in black and powdery clusters; the sweet green junipers were in full flavour; the nest of the wild bee was filled with honey; and hill, wood, and dale, shewed the summer had fulfilled all the purposes for which nature had given it light and warmth. He saw, too, the sickle in the hands of the reapers moving beneath the ears of yellow corn; the husbandman rubbing the heads in his hand, and looking if the grain was round and ripe; and he heard a song, which gave an image of the season, from the lips of two maidens, who bore out food to the harvest field. The green hills presented a similar picture of pastoral abundance. The sunward sides were white over with flocks, shepherds walked among them, thinking on the romantic rivulet bank where the folds stood, and where they could see the maidens at bagging time; from the cheese presses was taken the well-formed and well-pressed curd; and the master of the household weighed the fleece which his flock had yielded, and calculated the growing wealth of his possessions. Away on the stranger's left rolled the wide and restless sea, with all its winding outline of coast; and on his right many a feudal castle displayed its banner, while the arms of the warders gleamed bright in the descending sun."

The battle of Flodden is well described; but we prefer quoting two minstrel songs upon it: Sir James's (the transformed king), and Sir Michael's (the enchanter).

"The grass of Flodden's ruby red,
That late so greenly grew;

* *Sir Michael Scott: a Romance.* By Allan Cunningham. 12mo. 3 vols. London, 1826.

The sweet lark's foot is wet with blood
Instead of silver dew.
For Howard's arrow-flight has flown,
And in their fleet career
His steeds have trod o'er Scotland's strength,
And broke her deadly spear.

I sing, and while I sing I sigh !
For had these gallant men,
Whose life's-blood stains the river red,
Whose bodies choke the glen,
Been sagely ruled as bravely led,
Yon moon above us hung,
Another sight had seen, and I
A happier song had sung.

The sword has smote, the shaft is flown,
The victor's cry is cried ;
More sad is he who basely lives
Than he who bravely died.
I'd rather lie like Lindsay sped,
Have Douglas' bloody brow,
Or share stout Maxwell's grassy bed,
Than be as I am now ;

I fought when Surrey's shafts flew thick,
Where rose fierce Selby's cry—
Where Dacre rush'd, and Stanley charged,
And yet I could not die.
Farewell to Scotland's pleasant land,
And to its lovely dames !
To lordly lance and knightly brand—
So sings he, sad Sir James."

Sir Michael's Song.

"He laid him down to sleep, Sir James,
Soon gentle slumber came,
The rivulet's voice sang in his ear,
Mild as a lovely dame ;
With the voice of a young and lovely dame,
Sweet, loving, meek, and low,
The streamlet sang, and sound he slept
Where Flodden's fountains flow.

He laid him down to sleep, Sir James,
The voice that to him came
Was deeper and more mournful far
Than that of a sweet dame ;
Than the voice of a young and gentle dame,
And it said, or seemed to say,
Where are my brave and stately sons,
Whom thou ledst yesterday ?

As I came down through Flodden vale,
I could no further pass,
For there they lay my stately sons,
All trodden down like grass ;
All trodden like the new-moan grass,
And I heard them make a moan—
O fatherless are our gentle babes,
And kingless is our throne !

I see you all, my gallant sons,
Your sharp swords in your hands,
But where's the star of chivalry—
The prince who ruled your bands ?—
The prince who ruled your martial bands,—
They murmured out a moan,
O fatherless are our gentle babes,
And kingless is our throne !"

As an example of the inventive,
we shall transcribe the account of
the sea-nymphs' abode.

"They now came to where the unfathomable ocean opened wide its bosom, and drove back its waters, forming an immense domain right in the centre of the sea, walled all about with liquid walls, and roofed with magnificent ocean, pure, and of a transparent green. In the centre of the whole stood a palace, reared with polished pillars of jasper, hung with festoons of shells and pearls, and lighted by a fire which gleamed up from the ground. All around lay monsters of the deep, transformed into sea-green marble ; and the way which led to the portico was wrought like the skins of fish in solid silver, mottled over with gold. Sir Michael passed over the threshold, and said, 'Peace be with the immortal forms which dwell in the great deep, and may nought evil ever intrude among them !' As he spoke, ten thousand jasper couches, which were empty when he entered, were filled with forms of surpassing loveliness ; ten thousand sea-maidens, in the bloom of youth, came with the speed of light from the sea-coves and chambers, and set the whole palace in a glow with their beauty. He could not but gaze in silence for a minute's space or more on the splendour of the palace, and the beauty of its inhabitants. There they sat on their glittering couches, their locks shedding a light like that of the sun, and their snowy necks and shoulders looking like wreaths of snow, touched by the light of the morning ; while on all sides, underfoot and overhead, architecture had wrought its miracles, uniting marbles and spars of all colours, and blending them into one curious and harmonious whole. On the walls were shewn many wondrous scenes, painted from the processions and ceremonies—the joys and the loves of the sea-maids : the colours in which they were limned seemed those of heaven. On one side a monster stretched out his immense

and scaly train, while two laughing sea-maids sat on his back, and with wreaths of shells and pearls crowned his dark head, and struck on his sides, to urge him through the sea; the monster threw a river from his nostrils high into the sunny air, and glanced back his small and swarthy eyes with pleasure on the maidens. Elsewhere a secluded and sunny nook of ocean was painted, the waves all around the quiet bay seemed sleeping in gold, while in the middle six sea-nymphs were sporting amid the element; their snow-white bodies shone brightly amid the brine. One swam freely along, and her long tresses flowed amid the agitated water, like melted gold amid silver. Another maiden stood up amid the sea, and shed her long hair into ringlets, shewing, through the abundance of her locks, the brightness of her brow, the whiteness of her bosom, and the dark sparkling of a pair of very deluding eyes. A third threw herself at full length on the pale-green sea, and lay motionless and still, sleeping like the light of the sun, which gleamed in long straggling lines through a neighbouring grove on the water, nor did she move but with the impulse of the sea. A fourth dived perpendicularly down into the flood—the body descended like a sunbeam, and with its white beauty seemed to stain the element; while a fifth sprung upward into the air, and the brine flew from her tresses in showers. The sixth sat on a rock, which sprung up amid the sea, shading the sun from her dark eyes with her hands, and smiling in gladness with the delicious warmth of the luminary. Upon this scene of freedom and beauty two eyes were seen to intrude from a neighbouring thicket; but whether they were those of a man or woman, the artist had left undefined. Sir Michael looked around, and he saw a painted scene of another character: the sea was strewn with wrecks of battle, the shivered mast and the wounded body, and the water was tinged with blood. Amid this scene

of misery a hundred white-armed sea-maids were busied in acts of kindness and mercy. One bore the corse of a handsome youth to the sea-side, and disposed it reverently among the shells which lined a little bay, where human feet frequently came; a second bore a mangled corse into the bottom of the deep, and laid it in a grave dug amid the sand; a third bore up the head of a wounded mariner, when he seemed nigh the sinking, and wafted him shoreward to his wife and children. A fourth, where the sea seemed deeply dyed with blood, swam hastily through, her face glowing with emotion, bearing an orphan child in her arms, whose parent died in battle, and left it to the mercy of the sea. The little innocent clasped its short arms around her neck in joy, and with eyes beaming with affection, she bore the orphan away. A fifth sat on a rock of jasper in the bottom of the sea, with the mangled bodies of many a gallant youth before her; her hands were clasped, her eyes were turned away from the sight, and her bosom seemed bursting with sorrow for the wreck which human folly had wrought. A sixth sat on the shattered remains of a mast, and amid the floating ruins of battle warbled and sang, till the winds became hushed and still, and a kindly calm came on, and the wounded creatures were saved from the sea, whilst the maimed ships washed their decks from blood, and retired with mingled lamentation and joy. On the fourth side of the palace were painted the grave and terrible forms of the ocean monarchs of old, figures of majestic character and severe beauty, from whose presence all unseemly mirth fled, and in whose eyes shone the light which comes from heaven. They were those who ruled of old on the deep, when Jupiter and Juno reigned on Olympus, and their looks and glory were still preserved by the skill of the softer and more lovely race who inherited their empire. Before them, on an altar, was offered up the living body of that ad-

venturous mortal who first invented ships, and launched them on the deep sea; and the fire which consumed him was fed with the first oak on

which man had laid the axe, and endowed it with power to carry him on the waters."

SOME ACCOUNT OF A LOVER.

I FIND myself compelled to differ *toto calo* from those who profess to hold modesty in such high veneration. My own modesty, I conceive, has been long in that predicament mentioned by young Woodall in Dryden's play—who had hidden his blushes where he should never be able to find them again. In short, not to be diffuse, I think I may aver that I am

"A flower born to blush—unseen."

Not so was my deceased friend Diaper, of whom I propose to speak. Perhaps that ingenious person died a martyr to that very weakness from which I have just declared myself perfectly free. As a theoretical professor of assurance, *there* I admit his claims were hardly to be disputed; but he broke down in the practice. The difference between us was this—his views were good—my manner was inimitable: in resources he was great—but my comprehension was vast. In a word, what he could so exquisitely contrive was perfected by me.

But Diaper had his faults.—Firstly, his ideas of property were vague and unsatisfactory; his principles of action, loose; and the current coin of the realm, once deposited in his hands by way of loan, like the tides of the *Pontick* sea, knew no return.

Secondly, Diaper was a genius—in truth, of that kind denominated queer. He was, however, assured by some of our periodical critics, that he possessed great poetical talent; consequently, he was often to be found contemplating a basin of water, and apostrophizing the ocean; or toiling up the craggy precipices of Primrose-hill, to pay adoration to his glorious spirit of Nature. Again,

it was his custom to cast himself listlessly by the side of a kennel,

"And pore upon the brook that bubbled by."

Thirdly, It pleased him to encourage a lowness of spirits, and to cultivate an acquaintance with unclean demons. Day after day he strolled about, as melancholy as a bear in a barber's shop, but with no appearance of that fatness which is so desirable in the quadruped. Some portions of the fat of that animal, by-the-by, might have been adopted with advantage at this period; for the youthful enthusiast, by clipping off locks of hair for his numerous fair admirers, and by shaving the front of his skull for a high forehead had succeeded in reducing that globular appendage to a primitive state of baldness, and now furnished a lively idea of a newly-discovered maniac—to which, in other respects, he bore no slight resemblance.

These were faults, nay, positive blemishes in his character, which I vainly endeavoured to eradicate. I vindicated my friendship, but without avail. He told me that they were part and parcel of his idiosyncrasy—that I knew not how to make or to find an excuse for the errors of genius—and, in fine, turned his back and a deaf ear to my advice. Diaper was one upon whom remonstrance was as much lost as of whom the poet says or sings,—

— "Cæsar, qui cogere posset,
Si peteret per amicitium patris atque suam,
non
Quidquam proficeret."

His was a madness without benefit of Bedlam.

This ill-fated gentleman incautiously fell into love—a most unhap-

py declension, and to which I attribute his untimely end. The "bridge of sighs," or the "*pons asinorum*" of existence, is I apprehend, that part of the journey lying across the ocean of love; into which ocean, mark me, too many do lamentably become immersed. Now love, though a grievous dolour, admits motives of alleviation; but to plunge in "*usque ad Esculapium*"—to be, as it were, love-sick—is, not to speak it mincingly, excessively affecting—a romantic bore.

I was surprised by a visit from my infatuated friend soon afterwards—the purport of which was to lay open his whole heart to me, and to engage my assistance in the furtherance of his views towards the lady, whose name, after oaths of secrecy extorted from me, he divulged.

But, that this might be the more comfortably explained, we adjourned to an adjoining tavern, and called for a bottle of wine—during which it appeared that his inflammable bosom could in nowise withstand the triple fascination of mind, person, and purse possessed by the fair one's in whose scale of affection he flattered himself (he did indeed!) that he had been tried and found "wanting." He assured me that he was bent upon winning her, "for love or money;" and began to recapitulate the steps he had taken, in consequence of such determination.

This agreeable intelligence could not have been received by me otherwise than with rapture. Another bottle was called for: we thrust the decanters towards each other with amazing velocity, from which we continued to quaff huge libations, exchanging mutually congratulation and professions. He proceeded to inform me, that the family having been to their country-house at Clapham, he had flown down every afternoon upon the summit of the stage, bearing along with him a shrill octave and "Six Lessons for the Flute;" and, "seated on a ruined pinnacle," his musical score hanging on a tree, he had "made sweet melody," which

regularly performed, the book was closed, the joints of the instrument unscrewed, and the lover returned to town. Also, when she went to church, his devotion was sure to be making itself audible in the adjoining pew; if she visited the theatre, he was enscrewed in the next box; and if she was taken to the exhibition, the "portrait of a gentleman" fortified the walls of the academy.

In return, therefore, for incense thus devotedly offered up, he had given himself to expect a speedy fruition of joy, in the candid avowal, by the lady herself, of a mutual passion; though he confessed to me, that he had hitherto contented himself with indications of love uttered in the language of the eyes—an absurd miscalculation of chances! I can't say I admire optical orthography or visual expression: it is like a lecture on phrenology—a great deal said, and no understanding a syllable.

The degree of faith, then, I chose to attach to this tale was, for a time, just as much as is understood by the reception of what is termed "a flam"—the due acceptance whereof I have seen expressed, in vulgar society, by placing the thumb on the extremity of the nose, and agitating the fingers in a peculiarly significant manner.

While I sat ruminating upon this subject (for I had fallen into a deep reverie,) I took no heed of the manner in which my friend was engaged—which was, in fact, by snatching enormous pinches of snuff, and applying them incontinently to his nostrils, and by swallowing the nutshells and orange-peel. Struck, however, at last by the somewhat frequent manner in which the waiter was flinging his hands up after his eyes, I turned, and beheld my intemperate companion lying involved in his chair, with a most cruel distortion of feature; his whole appearance betraying what it had been more prudent than ingenuous to conceal; namely, that he was, "*in vino*," very drunk—a new adaption of the well-

known laconic axiom which he forthwith began to illustrate.

For, having effected a transition of his body into the street, this "beastly pagan" began shouting forth hymns to Diana, accompanying the same by saltatory motions, and recommending himself to her goddess-ship's notice as her Endymion, while he protested his intention of meeting her in a submarine apartment—an engagement, the completion whereof was a little facilitated by the fact that he was considerably more than "half seas over." For my own part, I found it very shortly expedient to relinquish a personal attendance upon him; for, by reason of these unnatural upspringings, I expected nothing less than the instant destruction of his frame "*in toto*," or his rapid disappearance through one of the coal-holes in the pavement; to say nothing of a difference of opinion that might arise between us, and the worthy Diogenes of the night, who makes it his business to look after honest men with a lantern, and who was now approaching, dressed in a drab-coloured-coat. By this peripatetic professor of moral philosophy was he eventually "reprehended," and by him conducted and introduced to the interior of an agreeable but small mansion, where he passed the night.

In pursuance of a resolution, approved and adopted by us the preceding evening, I sallied forth the next morning to reconnoitre the residence of his charmer, with the view to the completion of a plan of elopement, in which I profess my entire skill—my attention through life having been particularly turned to flights of all description—from the gently abrupt injection of the personal identity into a shop, upon the sudden appearance of an incipient dun, to the superhuman scramble from the outstretched palm of a full-grown finger of shoulder-blades. But I wander.

The possibility of completing this rather premature arrangement hav-

ing been ascertained by a minute survey of the house—by which I perceived that Diaper could, in case of emergency, escape *through* the iron railings, and delighted to observe, that the discharge of a pistol from the street-door by the alarmed father, or any of his domestics, must infallibly lodge its contents in the *os frontis* of the watchman opposite;—having ascertained, I say, these things, I was preparing to depart, when a finger at the window attracted my observations—the fair cause of my friend's disquiet! "Oh! call her pale not fair!" Not to flatter, her's might be said to be

"Beauty, which, whether sleeping or awake,
Shot forth peculiar graces."

And yet, I know not, her style of countenance was neither in the Grecian nor the Roman mould, but might be more aptly termed the Gorgonic. I was more than ever convinced of the truth of the line,—

"None but the *brave* deserve the fair,"—

and hurried away with some precipitation to reveal to Diaper *what*—I could not say *whom* I had seen.

This recital was listened to by him with intense satisfaction; and, upon its conclusion, he produced a parcel, which, with sundry winks, and dozens of self-satisfied smirks, he delivered into my hands, enjoining me to bear it suddenly according to its direction. Sanguine of success, he would take no denial, but thrust me forth, instructing me to meet him at the corner of the street.

I was ever an indifferent substitute for the god of love, my ovention being altogether hostile to such embassies of moment, but, faithful to the duty I had imposed upon myself, I lay in wait for the man-servant; and placing the letter in one palm, I infused a sixpence into the other, to secure its safe delivery into the young lady's own hands.

Being ushered into an elegantly furnished apartment, I began to speculate upon the brilliant prospects of my friend. He has disdained, thought I, to pay an abject homage to some

proud beauty, who, every time she opened her mouth, would shut his eyes, that he might afterwards see what the devil had sent him;—no, he has wisely sought elsewhere, and the property will be all the safer for the scarecrow on the premises. In the midst of these delighted visions, I was astounded by the violent opening of an adjoining door, from which flew first a tremendous courier of a voice, articulating, “Where is the impudent rascal?” followed by its master, a tall figure; to whom succeeded the identical daughter—the “*monstrum horrendum*” of the morning—torturing her unique frontispiece by demoniac cackinnations.

Approaching me, a scroll in one hand, covered over with slender iambs (the detestable versification of Diaper), and an uplifted cane in the other, this military man began to imprecate curses, and to hold out threats of a very horrid description. My presence of mind instantly suggested my absence of body, which I, who profess only a moral courage and am not quarrelsome, happily succeeded in effecting.

I have said that I am no god of love; yet truly did I shew my wings in this critical moment—flying down the flight of steps, and darting from the house with as much precipitation as a tenant at quarter-day. Hurrying to the lover at the corner of the street, I upbraided him bitterly for having so cruelly trifled with my personal safety—perhaps magnifying in my wrath the indignation of the captain, and the insane grins of his daughter.

The state of mind of the ill-fated sentimentalist at this intelligence can neither be conceived nor described. He cast himself upon the earth, and exhibited several mathematical lines upon the pavement; and rising suddenly, assaulted the dead walls with his head. To these exertions, another train of thought succeeded, as I collected from his frequent imitation of the action of a knot under the left

ear; and now he threw out more than hints of self-destruction. Not content with the bare imagination of musing away with himself, he luxuriated in all the possible nodes and practices on record by which it might be accomplished—from strangulation in a water-butt to immersion in the crater of Vesuvius; finally, entreating, with tears, the loan of my garters for a few minutes, that he might attach himself without delay to the lamp-post opposite his inexorable fair one’s abode.

Upon these symptoms, I was for bearing him away to the Lambeth Asylum; but this he would by no means permit. I was under the necessity, therefore, of leading him to the door of his lodgings, where I gave private injunctions to the servant to screw down the windows, and to secure all knives, washing-lines, and bodkins; accompanying the *douceur* of a shilling with another request—that she would refuse to furnish the sufferer with any Epsom salts, which the apothecaries have lately discovered to be the same thing as oxalic acid.*

A few days after this, I was apprized that the lover, unable to withstand the shock that this entire rejection of his claims had occasioned, and borne down by a complication of misfortunes “too numerous to mention,” had taken to his bed; from whence I received a hieroglyphical scrawl, entreating my instant presence, and affirming that, if I had any desire to behold him yet alive, I must come, “*per saltum*,” or by leaps,—

“Like angels’ visits—few, and far between,” which seizing my hat, I obeyed.

Being come to the house I knocked with that sort of respectable precision which indicates that there is “somebody” waiting for admittance—whereto I received that kind of attention which implies that that “somebody” is likely to wait. At length, a begrimed lad made his ap-

* It is the patient, we are afraid, that makes the discovery.—Ed.

pearance, with a man's coat on his back, a human being too large—one arm buried in a monstrous boot, and, drawn down over his eyes, a huge hat, which, upon discovering me through a crevice in the brim, was with some difficulty, laid aside. Receiving no answer from this youth to my thrice-repeated inquiry, whether I could see Mr. Diaper or not? I took the liberty to add a supplementary appeal, by lowering my cane with remarkable perpendicularity upon that extremity of the frame terminated by a head.

The boy, thus appealed to, discovered immediately an irregular aperture in his jaws, from which he emitted yells quite anti-silential and perfectly discordant; which yells, as if by miracle, pierced the long-discarded tympanum of an aged hag, who now made her appearance.

This ancient beldam, placing herself before me, put both her ears into her left eye, and began to listen with it; that organ of vision, at the same time, carelessly lolled from its sphere with a *sang froid* and immoveable curiosity not a little astonishing. In vain did I muster the powers of a pair of lungs that might have "torn hell's concave," and pour them into one ear; in vain did the little boy shriek wildly into the other;—she did but smile complacently, as though she said, "Be such sweet silence eternal!" At last, by furious signs and violent gesticulations, I gave her to understand the purport of my visit, and was conducted to the chamber of my dying friend.

This was a room situate on the third story of the house, and stuck (like a parenthesis) in the middle of a long passage. The want of a stove was relieved by the presence of a large fire-place, between which and the windows there was evidently a vile collusion. It was, I verily believe, a house of call for the four winds. This Æolian hole was split asunder by a pasteboard diaphragm or screen; and in one of these moieties of misery, stretched upon a bed,

lay the once graceful, ever graceless, Diaper.

Here was a scene! I approached the couch tremblingly—he was asleep! Alas, disease had got the start of the worm by a strange anticipation. He was of a lean habit of bone. I dropt a few tears—but they missed him! and attempted to accomplish a fleeting remembrance of him, by way of a front likeness, but could cut no pencil time enough. It was never my fortune, or misfortune, to behold a living subject cleaner picked. The digging of a grave, as I told the undertaker, was entirely a work of supererogation. Enough to have borne him forth, and, the service of burial performed, to have decently dropt his remains through a crack in the parched earth—for it was sultry weather. But of this no more.

After some time, opening his eyes, my departing friend recognized me, and, raising himself in the bed, began to discourse eloquently upon his "future prospects." He said that it was all *up* with him, which I was glad to hear, and remarked that, "in the other world, there would be found no anxious tumults of the mind—no falsehood—no perjured inconstancy—no—" Here I drew out my pocket-handkerchief; and he plucked forth a lock of hair, in extent and quality resembling a horse's mane, which he gazed upon with much sorrowful metamorphosis of visage. This settled, he turned his memory to the manifold extravagances of his youth—particularly dwelling upon a night of inebriation and imprudence; and solemnly recording, as a warning to youth, an exacted sum of five shillings, in which he had been molested by the offended watchman. He also gave me a post-obit, claim upon his aunt for the eighteen-pence and other loans I had advanced on his account—an instance of affectionate remembrance, that affected and, at the same time, comforted me.

And now, all temporal affairs being concluded, it was evident that his strength was quite spent, which was shortly afterwards verified by his

soul's perfectly unostentatious departure—no notice whatever being given, save an oblique protrusion of one leg, that dislodged a bundle of transversely-arranged bones, which, upon examination, proved to belong to a helpless being, 'yclept the nurse. This somnolent person, picking herself up, and rubbing her eyes, observed that her patient had died "like a lamb," which satisfactorily accounted for his being "dead as mutton."—Peace to his ashes !

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

Thus have I, with infinite impartiality and justice, set down such particulars of my late-lamented friend's fortunes as must extort no common sympathy from readers of sentiment—from lovers, whether hastening to a wife or to a willow—to a stagnant pond, or a less perturbed parson. *I am desine*—it is enough.

After all, I cannot but agree with the philosophic Falstaff—"There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof."

DEATH OF THE WARRIOR KING.

There are noble heads bow'd down and pale,
Deep sounds of woe arise,
And tears flow fast around the couch
Where a wounded warrior lies ;
The hue of death is gathering dark
Upon his lofty brow,
And the arm of might and valour falls
Weak as an infant's now.

I saw him mid the battling hosts,
Like a bright and leading star,
Where banner, helm, and falchion gleam'd,
And flew the bolts of war ;
When in his plenitude of power,
He trod the Holy Land,
I saw the routed Saracens,
Flee from his blood-dark brand.

I saw him in the banquet hour
Forsoke the festive throng,
To seek his favourite minstrel's haunt,
And give his soul to song ;
For dearly as he loved renown,
He loved that spell-wrought strain
Which bade the brave of perished days
Light conquest's torch again.

Then seem'd the bard to cope with Time,
And triumph o'er his doom—
Another world in freshness burst
Oblivion's mighty tomb !
Again the hardy Britons rushed
Like lions to the fight ;
While horse and foot—helm, shield and lance,
Swept by his vision'd sight !

But battle shout, and waving plume,
The drum's heart-stirring beat,
The glittering pomp of prosperous war,
The rush of million feet,
The magic of the minstrel's song,
Which told of victories o'er,—
Are sights and sounds the dying king
Shall see—shall hear no more !

It was the hour of deep midnight,
In the dim and quiet sky,
When with sable cloak and broider'd pall,
A funeral train swept by.
Dull and sad fell the torches' glare
On many a stately crest—
They bore the noble warrior-king
To his last dark home of rest.

THE DRAMA AND ITS PROFESSORS.

IT is remarkable with what difference actors were treated among the ancients. At Athens, they were held in such esteem, as to be sometimes appointed to discharge embassies and other negotiations ; whereas, at Rome, if a citizen became an actor, he thereby forfeited his freedom. Among the moderns, actors are best treated in England ; the French having much the same opinion of them

that the Romans had ; for though an actor of talent, in Paris, is more regarded than here, he nevertheless is deeply degraded. He may die amid applauses on the stage, but at his natural death, he must pass to his grave, without a prayer or *de profundis*, unless a minister of religion receives his last sigh.

Cromwell and his Puritans had a holy horror of actors. They pro-

nounced them Sons of Belial! and professors of abomination. During the whole reign of the Republican Parliament, and Protectorate, the theatres of that day were closed, or, if opened by stealth, were subject to the visits of the emissaries of "Praise God Barebones," "Fight the Good Fight," and their crew. The actors were driven off the stage by soldiers, and the cant word of that period is still recorded, "Enter red coat, exit hat and cloak." William Prynne was celebrated for his writings against the immorality of the stage, and the furious invectives of Jeremy Collier are still extant; his pen was roused by Dryden's *Spanish Friar*, and Congreve's witty, but licentious comedies. Collier inveighed without mercy, but he certainly did much to reform the stage.

The actors in England, have, it is true, only become respectable within the last half century, and though they are termed his majesty's servants, yet an *unrepealed* statue denounces them as vagabonds. As a body numerous in itself, they are as free from crime as any other associated body or profession of men, and yet do they "his majesty's servants" continue to lay under the stigma which the above unrepealed act fixes upon them. This is perfectly anomalous, and it was spiritedly denounced by Sir Walter Scott, when on a recent and interesting occasion he nobly and manfully declared "Its professors had been stigmatized; and laws had been passed against them less dishonourable to them than to the statesmen by whom they were proposed, and to the legislators by whom they were passed." To repeal, therefore, an act nugatory in itself, would not add to the reputation of the profession, nor give a license to further abuse; but it would be an act of justice, and remove a

prejudice unjustly attached to the professors of a difficult art.

The critical pen of Mrs. Inchbald justly remarks, "To the honour of a profession long held in contempt by the wise—and still contemned by the weak—Shakspeare, the pride of Britain, was a player." To the illustrious bard, the modern drama is indebted for its excellence. His writings will remain for ever the grandest monument of a genius which opened to him the whole heart of man, all the mines of fancy, all the stores of nature, and gave him power beyond all other writers, to move, astonish, and delight mankind. In the drama, the most interesting emotions are excited; the dangerous passions of hate, envy, avarice, and pride, with all their innumerable train of attendant vices are detected and exposed. Love, friendship, gratitude, and all those active and generous virtues which warm the heart and exalt the mind, are held up as objects of emulation. And what can be a more effectual method of softening the ferocity, and improving the minds of the inconsiderate? The heart is melted by the scene, and ready to receive an impression—either to warn the innocent, or to appal the guilty; and numbers of those who have neither abilities nor time for deriving advantage from reading, are powerfully impressed through the medium of the eyes and ears, with those important truths which while they illuminate the understanding, correct the heart. The moral laws of the drama are said to have an effect next after those conveyed from the pulpit, or promulgated in courts of justice. The drama, therefore, has a right to find a place: and to its professors are we indebted for what may justly be considered one of the highest of all intellectual gratifications.

LEAVES AND FLOWERS, OR THE LOVER'S WREATH.

WITH tender vine-leaves wreath thy brow,
And I shall fancy that I see,
In the bright eye that laughs below,
The dark grape on its parent tree.
'Tis but a whim—but, oh ! entwine
Thy brow with this green wreath of mine.

Weave of the clover-leaves a wreath,
Fresh sparkling with a summer shower,
And I shall, in my fair one's breath,
Find the soft fragrance of the flower.
'Tis but a whim—but, oh ! do thou
Twine the dark leaves around thy brow.

Oh, let sweet-leaved geranium be
Entwined amidst thy clustering hair,
Whilst thy red lips shall paint to me,
How bright its scarlet blossoms are.
'Tis but a whim—but, oh ! do thou
Crown with my wreath thy blushing brow.

Oh, twine young rose-leaves round thy head,
And I shall deem the flowers are there,—
The red rose on thy rich cheek spread,
The white upon thy forehead fair.
'Tis but a whim—but, oh ! entwine
My wreath round that dear brow of thine.

THE STIRRUP CUP.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE night was one of great inclemency—it snowed and blew violently, when Hans Kirkenbeck departed homewards. His horse stood at the door, and in spite of the entreaties of his friends that he would partake of one goblet more, he disengaged himself from them, and rushed forth into the street. At that moment, a woman was passing—a tall, bony, wrinkled, grizzled hag, enveloped in a cloak, the hood of which she had drawn over her head. As Hans passed out at the door, he pushed against her: "Out of the way, Hoodekin!"* he exclaimed. She, quickly turning, echoed his words angrily, "Hoodekin! Hoodekin! a merry night to you, Hans Kirkenbeck! the day will come when it would please you mightily to have a hood to cover your aching brow."—"Away with you, hag!" interrupted Hans; and at the same moment, Jacob Geuldtstein, one of his companions, came out from the house, and he also bade her depart in words of no pleasant sound. The woman then became very wroth, and said, "You are well spoken, gentlemen, both of you, and merry, I make no doubt; for you, Jacob, you have a wife, and for her sake, I forgive you; but hark! you, Hans Kirken-

beck!" she exclaimed, at the same time extending both her arms within her cloak, "for you! even as I shake off the snow from my withered limbs, flake by flake, even so shall you fall to the earth piece by piece!" Then Hans and his friend became more angry with the woman, and drove her away with blows. And Hans mounted his horse, and prepared to depart; but his friend stayed him, insisting that he should at least partake of the stirrup-cup, without which, it would be unfriendly to depart. Hans assented, and Jacob returned to the house to obtain it for him. In a few moments, the cup was presented; Hans seized it quickly, and as quickly drained it at a draught. An open hand waited to receive the goblet from him, he returned it, and was about to put spurs to his steed, when Jacob, issuing from the house, exclaimed to him loudly to stay. "Would you depart with a broken troth? I have brought you the cup," at the same time giving it to him. "I have already tasted it," said Hans, putting it by with his hand.

"Nay," replied Geuldtstein, "that cannot be; did you not see me come from the house this instant?"

"I swear to you, man," rejoined

* This is the name of a familiar spirit, a sort of Puck, so called, because a hoodekin, or little hood, was a part of his usual covering.

Hans, "that I have ta'en of a cup which even now warmeth me, and whose taste is like bitter almonds."

"Tush," answered Jacob, shaking off the snow which had fallen upon his hair, "this is no night to listen to your jokes, will you pledge me? Aye, or no?"

"To thy health, man!" answered Hans; and the next moment the cup was returned, and Hans was on his road.

The snow had fallen so deep, that the streets resounded not to the tread of his horse, and oftentimes his progress was impeded by ledges, raised by the drifting wind; at length, however, he passed the barrier, and reached the open plain. The snow still fell heavily; the country, as well as he could see, appeared one huge whitened plain, and the line of road could only be discovered by here and there a well-known baiting-house, an old cottage, or the bare arms of some long remembered tree. For several miles his horse went forwards merrily, as if aware that his route was towards home; but the continued beating of the snow, and its great depth, began to exhaust the animal's strength, and somewhat impeded his progress. Hans, however, whom the coldness of the night affected, kept him to his utmost speed by frequent applications of the spur; nor was it the cold alone that rendered Hans uncomfortable, the cups which his companions had pressed upon him began to produce their effect, and he often found himself much mistaken as to the nature of the objects before him. His thoughts too were confused, and the old woman, whom he had treated so scornfully, was ever uppermost in his mind—her maledictions hung upon his memory, nor could he forget that he had tasted of two stirrup-cups; "but that," thought he, "must have been a trick of Jacob Geuldstein, and yet I saw him come out of the house." Still he went onwards, but his condition became continually worse—racking pains shot across his brow, and the increase of snow, and his own inca-

capacity, rendered it more and more difficult to keep his horse in the right track. The animal had, indeed, often travelled that road before, and Hans depended much upon that circumstance; "he," said Hans, thinking aloud, "he did not—see this old woman—eh?—that is not it—take two stirrup-cups I mean—no! he did not take two stirrup-cups, thank God!" Still onwards they went—still the condition of the master became worse; and the labour of the horse greater—a cold stupor and numbness gradually seized upon Hans's faculties, from which he was only at intervals aroused by the most acute and distressing pains in his forehead.

"We should be near home now, I think," said he, patting his horse's neck, just after he had been awakened to some sense of his situation by a sudden twinge—"we should be near home now," and the next moment his horse's fore-feet dashed through some ice into water, and the animal made a sudden pause. Hans was again aroused—the situation of the country, as far as the falling snow would allow him to judge of it, seemed to indicate that they were upon the banks of a river, which, although covered with snow, was not sufficiently frozen to permit the horse to cross. That they had wandered from the right road was certain, for there was no river within many miles of Hans's residence; but how to regain the lost track was more than enough to baffle the wit of the half-frozen rider. He turned his horse back—in vain he endeavoured to discover some known object, some house or tree, but all was strange and obscure. "Well," said Hans, "we must go back again then; we must retrace the road we have come." This, however, was no easy task; the continual fall of snow quickly filled up all traces of the horse's feet, or the sudden gusts of wind at once effaced them, and Hans soon found by the unevenness of the ground, that even that hope was lost. Thus baffled, he first guided his horse one way,

and then another, until the tired animal seemed to partake of the torpidity of his master, and often refused to answer to the rein. Hans, irritated and alarmed, spurred on the poor beast, who then again flew forward to the evident danger of both himself and his rider; but after some time, and great exertion, they again reached an even road, which Hans imagined to be that along which they had come.

For some time, they went quietly forwards, and Hans again sunk into a stupor, from which, when he was aroused by acute pain, he found his steed had paused at the entrance of a wood to which the road had conducted him. Hans, stupidly angry, began to vent his wrath upon the wretched steed, who no sooner felt the spur, than he rushed forward into the forest. In vain did Hans then endeavour to turn his course—his numbed arms had not strength to restrain the fury which he had himself roused—away the horse dashed with the fury of a cataract, and the beating of the branches of the trees which he had encountered in his course, added continually to his rage.

They had scarcely proceeded a yard, when a bough struck off Hans's hat, and at that moment the recollection flashed across his mind, that the old woman had told him the time would come, when it would please him to have a hood to cover his aching brow. He shuddered to think how exactly the words were fulfilled.

The stupor now gave way, before the blows which he received from the branches, and the dreadful sense of his situation. "Would to God, I had left my money behind me!" he exclaimed, recollecting that he had with him a heavy bag, the produce of some cattle which he had sold. The words had scarcely passed from his lips when a voice, as if at his side, answered in a sneering tone, "You have ever been fond of thy purse—were pity you should part now." The voice came upon Hans's ears as that of the old Hoodekin; and his alarm—his terror—his agitation—

were increased tenfold. In vain Hans strove to check his horse's career—in vain he looked, or rather endeavoured to look, around him to mark from whence the voice came; the thick branches struck him so perpetually, that he was obliged to bend down, even to the horse's neck, in order to preserve his seat. Forward, forward, still he went, with an impetuosity no strength could govern, no hand could restrain; and every moment his situation became more deplorable. The stupor had indeed passed away; but notwithstanding all his exertions, a chill—an icy, deathlike coldness, pervaded his veins, and was even more insupportable than the still continued pains across his brow. At one time he endeavoured to soothe his horse into quietness, and at another uttered some ejaculatory prayer, but both were answered with a laugh of derision, which terrified him not less than the recollection of his mispent, nay, his abused life, all which came rushing into his mind. Hour after hour passed away, but still the horse proceeded; on, on, he went, and Hans began to hope that a short time would hurry him to the conclusion of his misery, either by death, or by their passing through the forest; but all was vain. The spellbound horse travelled still onwards, keeping near to the outside of the forest, until he came to the place from whence he first plunged into its depths, and then crossing the road again, he pursued the same circle. In a short time all the horrors of exhaustion and a dreadful thirst succeeded, but there was no help—no consolation—no redress. If he spoke, a mocking voice answered with a sneer, or presented an empty stirrup-cup to his parched lips; his groans, his agonies, were the subject of derision and contempt; every thing within and around him was torture. But why need we pursue this horrible tale? The malediction of the Hoodekin was fulfilled, even to the very letter. Keeping in the circle which he at first traversed, the horse still proceeded, until the

poor rider, ever exposed to the cutting strokes of the branches, thus fell to the earth piece by piece; nay, it is even asserted that peasants resident in the neighbourhood have, until lately, seen the skeleton horse and rider, still pursuing their charmed course—still agonized—still torment-

ed. Part of the wealth of Hans Kirkenbeck is said to have been at one time found by a wood-cutter, who wisely brought the same unto the chapel of St. Thomas, by the priests of which, it was exercised and appropriated to holy uses.

VARIETIES.

OPERA DANCERS BAD WALKERS.

THE walk of opera dancers is neither natural nor beautiful; but the surprising exercises which they perform, give to the joints of the foot a freedom of motion almost like that of the hand. We have seen the dancers, in their morning exercises, stand for twenty minutes on the extremities of their toes; after which, the effort is to bend the inner ankle down to the floor, in preparation for the Bolero step. By such unnatural postures and exercises, the foot is made unfit for walking, as may be observed in any of the retired dancers and old figurantes. By standing too much upon the toes, the human foot is converted to something more resembling that of a quadruped, where the heel never reaches the ground, and where the paw is nothing more than the phalanges of the toes.

CENTRE OF GRAVITY.

A great inventor (in his own estimation) published that he had solved the important problem of walking on the water, and he invited the public to witness his first essay. He stepped boldly on the wave, equipped in a pair of bulky cork boots: but it soon appeared that he had not pondered sufficiently on the subjects of the centre of gravity and of floatation; for, in the next instant, all that was to be seen of him was a pair of legs sticking out of the water. He was picked up by help of hand, and his genius both cooled and schooled by the event. In like manner some soldiers once finding a few cork jackets among old military stores, determined to try them: but mistaking the

shoulder straps for lower fastenings, they put them on as *drawers*; and on their plunging in, with the hope of being able to sit pleasantly on the water, their heavy heads went down, and they were nearly drowned.

EFFECTUAL MEANS OF DESTROYING MOLES, GRUBS, AND SNAILS.

The smell of garlic is so offensive to moles, that, to get rid of them, nothing more is necessary than to introduce into their subterraneous walks a few heads of the same. It has also been employed with success against grubs and snails.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A LIQUID FOR STAINING WOOD, BONE, OR IVORY, OF DIFFERENT COLOURS.

Put some strong white wine vinegar in a glass vessel, and add to it the filings of copper, with some Roman vitriol, rock alum, and verdigris, and leave it for infusion for seven days; then boil it; and by putting into it bone, ivory, or wood, it will penetrate into it, and give it a green colour. For a red colour, use Brazil wood; for blue, indigo; yellow, French berries, &c. &c.

BIRDS POISONING THEIR YOUNG.

Mr. Holmes, in his "Account of the United States of America," relates that some of the birds of North America are remarkable for poisoning their young; but this is only done if they are engaged or confined. The robin is one of the birds thus noticed. If the young be taken, and placed in a cage where the parent birds can discover them, they will attend upon and feed them for a season; but after-

the lapse of a few days, or when the young are fledged, the old ones appear very uneasy, and endeavour to discover some way by which they may escape. If, however, they perceive that there is no hope of accomplishing their purpose, they procure for them a sort of berry, which is an infallible poison; *apparently disdaining the thought that their offspring should be slaves!*

THE STRANGER'S HEART.

THE stranger's heart! oh, wound it not!
A yearning anguish is its lot;
In the green shadow of thy tree
The stranger finds no rest with thee.

Thou think'st the vine's low rustling leaves
Glad music round thy household eaves;
To him that sound hath sorrow's tone—
The stranger's heart is with his own.

Thou think'st thy children's laughing play
A lovely sight at fall of day;
Then are the stranger's thoughts oppress—
His mother's voice comes o'er his breast.

Thou think'st it sweet, when friend to friend
Beneath one roof in prayer may blend;
Then doth the stranger's eye grow dim—
Far, far are those who prayed with him.

Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage laad—
The voices of thy kindred band;
Oh, midst them all when blest thou art,
Deal gently with the stranger's heart!

PRESERVING APPLES FOR WINTER STORE.

Mr. Tollet, of Beiley Hall, Staffordshire, in a communication to the Horticultural Society, recommends that apples intended to be preserved for winter store, should be packed in banks or hods of earth like potatoes. This method is said to be at once effectual and economical.

A GOOD NAME.

Their Majesties of Sardinia, according to the *Genoa Gazette*, lately stood sponsors to a noble child, who was baptized, simply and shortly, Charles Felix Joseph Marius Christianus Denis Paul Francis-de-Paula Bernardin Anthony Raymond Gaëtanus Jean Nepomucemis Andrew Avellin Marius-des-Miracles Diego Peter d'Alcantara. When this young gentleman, who is the son of an ambassador, comes to sign despatch notes, it will be, for brevity, in initials, C. F. J. M. C. D. P. F.-de-P.

B. A. R. G. J. N. A. A. M.-des-M. D. P. d'Alcantara!!!

CURIOUS FACT.

Take a watch-glass, wet the convex side, and place it, with that side downwards, on a horizontal glass, a looking-glass, for example. Then incline the horizontal glass sufficiently to induce the watch-glass (which slightly adheres to the surface, in consequence of its having been wetted) to slide. Instead, however, of simply sliding down, it descends the declivity with a rotatory movement, of greater or less rapidity. What is the cause of this?

LA BOURDONNAIS.

Few men in the last century were more celebrated or more unhappy than La Bourdonnais, the Governor of the Isles of France and Bourbon; by whom indeed those two colonies were almost created, and who, as a reward for his services, was thrown into the Bastille. He there composed a volume of historical memoirs. Handkerchiefs, stiffened with rice water; soot and the dregs of coffee; and a small coin, bent, slit, and fastened to a wooden skewer, served him for paper, pen, and ink. The grandson of this intrepid sailor has just republished these memoirs, which contain much curious matter.

AN IMPRESSIVE SENTENCE.

A French Jehu was tried in 1818, for some accident caused by his cabriolet, before the Criminal Court of Paris; when, having heard the evidence, the President of the Tribunal declared that he stood acquitted, but that the court felt it its duty to blame him, and that he was blamed accordingly. "Blamed!" exclaimed Jehu; "Blamed!—I don't quite understand your honor;—but—but—will it prevent my handling the ribands, and driving the *vehicule*?"—"No!" said the judge. "Then, with all respect for your honor, I just laugh at it," said coachee, bowing. "And so do I," said the president, in rising to leave the court.